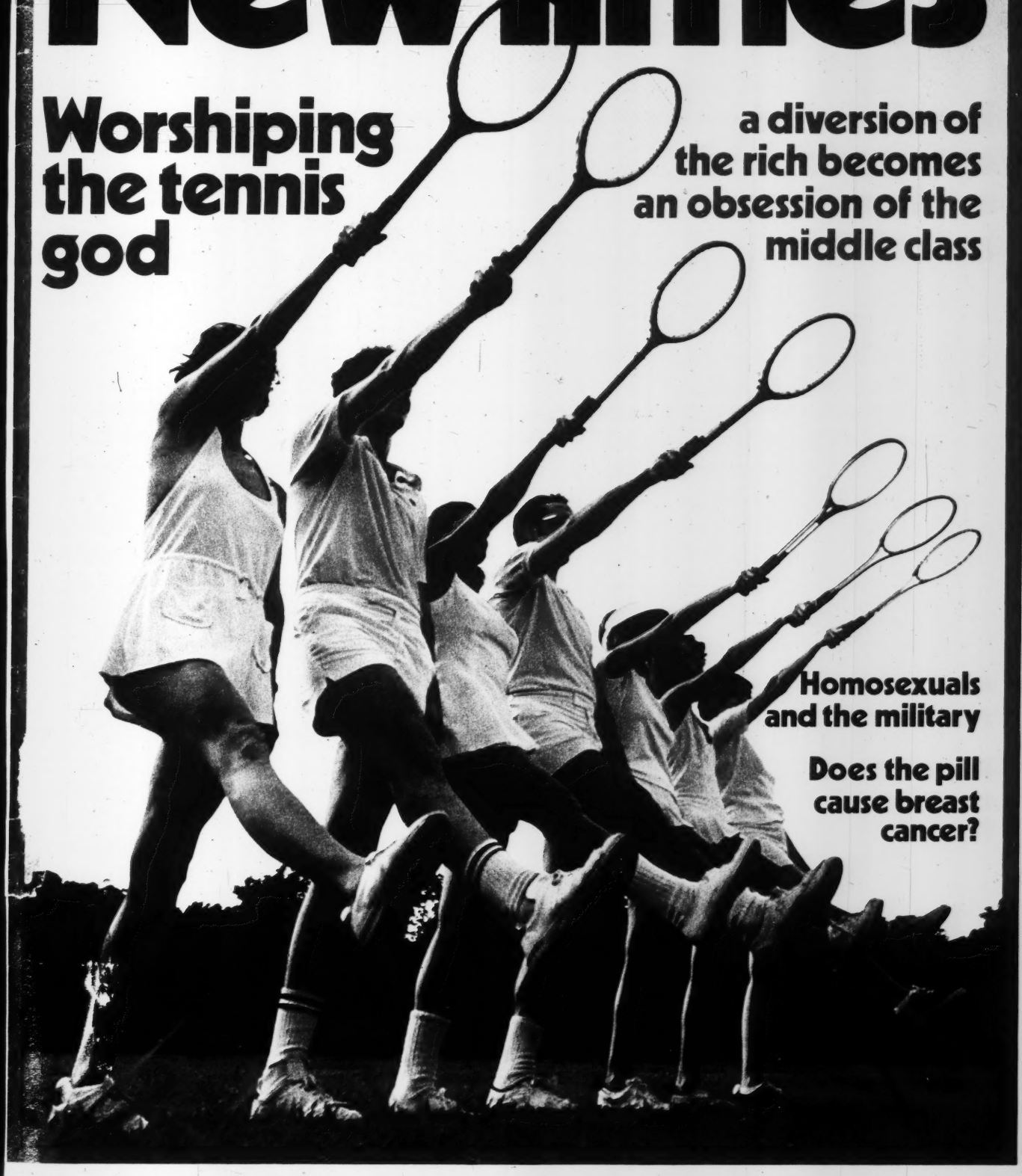
AUGUST 8, 1975/75 CENTS
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NewTimes

Worshiping the tennis god

a diversion of the rich becomes an obsession of the middle class



Homosexuals and the military

Does the pill cause breast cancer?

Marlboro
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Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr.'75

NEW TIMES, AUGUST 8, 1975, Volume 5, Number 3

TOP OF THE NEWS

The boys in the barracks Public and private employers are abandoning their discrimination against gay people, and now a decade's liberation movements have penetrated deep into America's most restrictive establishment
By Andrew Kopkind page 18

The media and the murder of John Kennedy Most Americans don't believe the Warren Commission's version of what happened in Dallas. But the press seems unwilling to pursue the truth independently
By Jerry Policoff page 28

Lethal smokescreen In the last decade, hundreds of airplane passengers have died in "survivable" crashes. Unless the FAA safety rules change, hundreds more will probably follow **By Dan Berger** page 37

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Self-examination In which one woman confronts the panic evoked by breast cancer **By Marcia Seligson** page 40

The 20-year time bomb? The Pill is rated 100 percent effective in preventing conception, but it also produces a catalog of side effects—including, perhaps, breast cancer **By Rose Kushner & Maxene Fabe** page 44

LOCAL COLOR

"Tennis isn't a matter of life and death—it's more important than that" 7,500 balls a week per acolyte, a doomsday stroking machine and non-stop genuflection: It all adds up to tennis as absolution
By Jesse Kornbluth page 48

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

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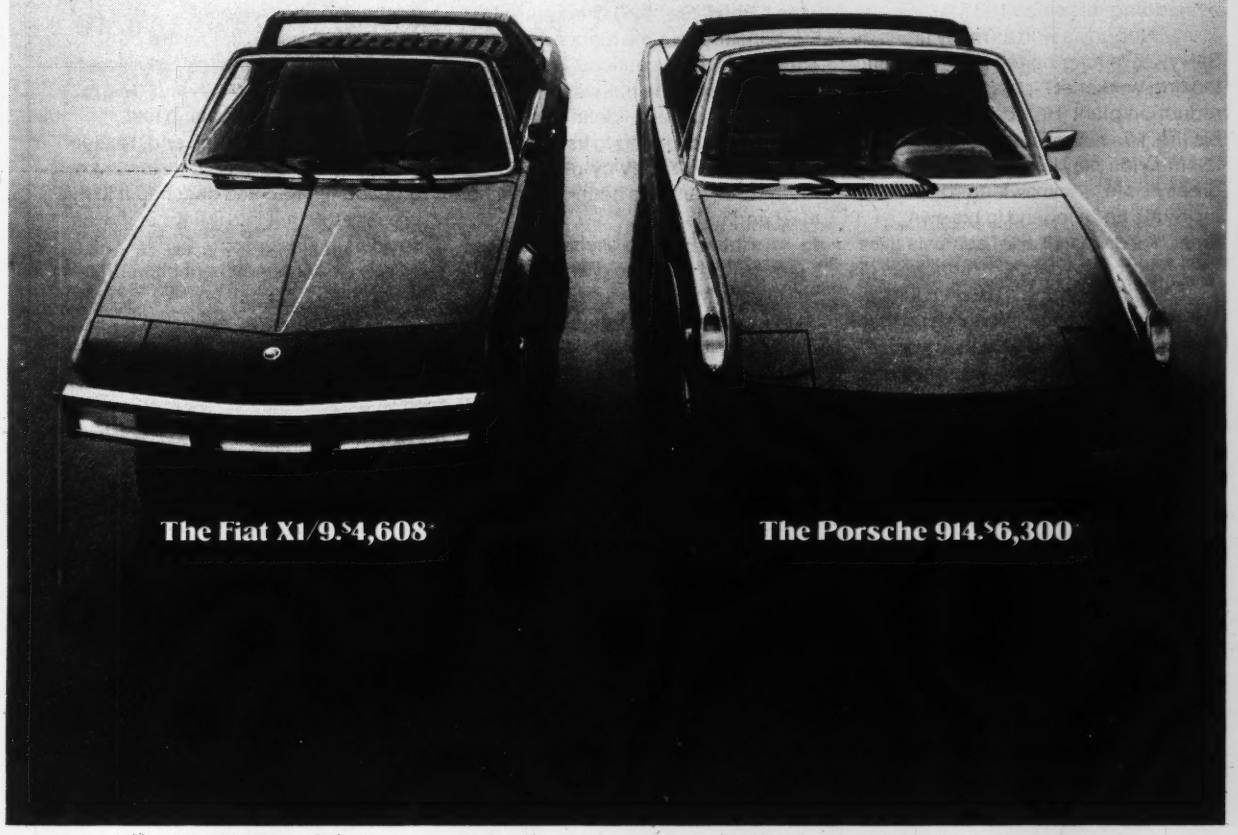
Their engines may be in the same place, but their prices aren't.



The Fiat X1/9.* $4,608

The Porsche 914.* $6,300

The Fiat X1/9 and the Porsche 914 are both mid-engine cars.

They both have the same number of cylinders. And they both have integral roll bars.

Both have pop-up headlights, four-wheel disc brakes and independent four-wheel suspension.

And both give you the same open car feeling with removable roofs.

Yet, for all their similarities, the Fiat X1/9 costs about $1700 less than the Porsche 914.

Now we're not saying they're exactly the same car.

But the $1700 might be the biggest difference between them.

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

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Who is the world's greatest greasy poll walker?

Slow Down

By James S. Kunen

Who is the world's greatest greasy pole walker? It's still got to be Salvy Benson.

Every summer in the fishing town of Gloucester, Massachusetts, at St. Peter's Fiesta, after the Blessing of the Fleet, the men of the town set up a telephone pole extending from a pier horizontally out over the water, and they coat it with grease and oil, and stand a red flag on the end of it, and compete to see who can walk out and grab the flag before falling. They've been doing this since 1931.

Nobody's won as many times as Salvy, 26, a long-haired Hell's Angelic looking worker at Lipman Marine's fish reduction plant. He's been a walker all his life. His sister Elizabeth recalled, "Some kids play cowboys. We'd play greasy pole." Acknowledged even by his rivals as "a legend in his own time," he'd won 18 of 24 contests over the past dozen years. (He attributes his success to one thing: "I don't think.") Some mothers complained aloud that he should retire and give their sons a chance to win. But Salvy wouldn't hear of it. "You want me to quit and give up that?" he told the Gloucester *Daily Times*. "No way, man. It's my life."

This year, thanks to a local merchant, a compromise was worked out. Salvy sat out the Saturday competition while 36 young men vied for the new Salvy Benson/Dunkin' Donuts Trophy. The winner, Anthony ("Matza") Giambanco, 18, got the chance to go against Salvy and other established stars on Sunday for the traditional Sgt. Salvatore Piscitello Memorial Trophy, $25 and a case of beer.

Sunday's hot sun beat down on 5,000 spectators crowding the shore. The Sgt. Pepper-suited Lawrence Italian Colonial Band rat-a-tat-and-tooted. A middle-aged man passed around a couple of sepia snapshots from his wallet. They showed him snatching the flag, 28 years ago.

The 14 Walkers lined up on the pier. They would take turns until one of them got the flag. Salvy was next to last; the others would have a chance.

Giambanco, the kid, went first. He put his head down and charged like a fullback going off-tackle. His legs were still pumping when he hit the water. Phil ("Stubby") Curcuru, with five wins the all-time runner-up to Salvy, was more cautious, but fell as thought shot at the halfway mark. Joe ("Black") Frontiero, "definitely a threat, a champ," according to fisherman Mike Diliberti's play-by-play over the PA system, fared no better. Nine others tried and failed.

Salvy Benson hitched up the same cut-off jeans he'd worn on the past seven Walks, crossed himself as he always had and stepped onto the pole as the crowd watched expectantly. A quarter of the way out he started to fall, miraculously righted himself and struggled another six steps before toppling over. You can never count him out until he's in the water. Two years ago he grabbed the flag with his feet as he fell.

On the second go-round, Salvy's brother Frank, the 1960 Champ come out of retirement to try and stop his brother, came closest. Walking like a man trying not to awaken his wife, he eased his way three-quarters of the way to the flag before going down. Vito ("the Leaper") Calomo, John ("Florida") Frontiero, Phil ("Fifi") Parisi, Lenny Biondo—none of the greats could hold his footing, flailing about like marionettes in a gale before crashing down onto the pole and caroming off into the water ten feet below. "Watch him! Watch him! Make sure he comes up," Diliberti's cautionary call, was becoming the day's refrain.

Salvy's second try was worse than his first. His first step seemed tentative, his second unsure; he never recovered. He was teetering from the beginning, though his amazing inner gyros somehow kept him up halfway there. "Salvy don't look too good," the announcer observed, and the crowd murmured in agreement.

Even as the onlookers wondered aloud whether Salvy would get a third chance, Anthony ("Matza") Giambanco, 18, crouching low, bulldozed straight to the end. His feet flew out behind him, but he cross-body blocked the flag and clutched it to his breast as he fell into the water. It was sudden. It was over.

Unannounced but immediately recognized, a figure walked casually out along the pole, as you or I might walk down the sidewalk, and *stood* at the end of it a moment, looking in at the throng on shore. Salvy Benson seemed to be fixing the crowd in his mind. Then he gracefully dived off the greasy pole and swam to the beach.

As he waded ashore, ignored amidst the bedlam surrounding the new Champion, who was just then being hoisted on the shoulders of his young friends, Salvy was approached by a 3-year-old boy.

"Salvy. *Sal*-vy!" the boy called, failing at first to gain the attention of his hero.

"What?"

"Salvy, do you win every year?"

"Nope. Not no more," Salvy said quietly, and smiled. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

Printer Breakthrough

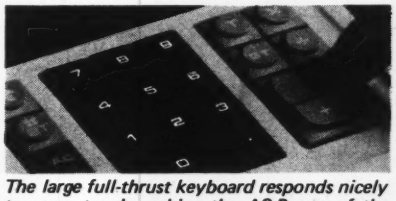
The revolutionary new Casio AS-P electronic printing calculator uses no ribbons or special paper and represents a major new printing calculator breakthrough.

The new Casio printing calculator with a new printing head and cartridge inking system spells the end of the mechanical adding machine.

$99.95 NATIONAL INTRODUCTORY SALE PRICE
Sug. Retail: $149.95

It no longer pays to buy an adding machine. The new Casio AS-P now makes owning a fully electronic printing calculator a very positive and practical idea.

Let's face it. The only drawback in those exciting pocket calculators is the lack of a tape to check your calculations. And because printing calculators were either too expensive, too cheaply built or behind technologically, it made sense to stick it out with a hand-held unit. But that's all changed with the AS-P.



The large full-thrust keyboard responds nicely to your touch making the AS-P one of the easiest electronic printing calculators to use.

Forget about ribbons. The AS-P employs a new cartridge inking system that permits you to use up to 100 rolls or thousands of feet of paper tape without worrying about changing ribbons. Simply slip in a new cartridge once a year or every 100 rolls.

Forget about special paper. The AS-P uses any standard adding machine tape. There's no special thermal paper required.

Forget about noise. The Casio is one of the best built and solidly designed printers. The sound-deadening system and mounting shocks reduce noise levels to a minimum. And the Casio doesn't annoyingly shut off as do many of the time delay units.

Forget about the poor printout. The digits on Casio's new Matrix printing head register in a solid large number with no dots or disjointed elements. You get truly the most legible printout in the industry.

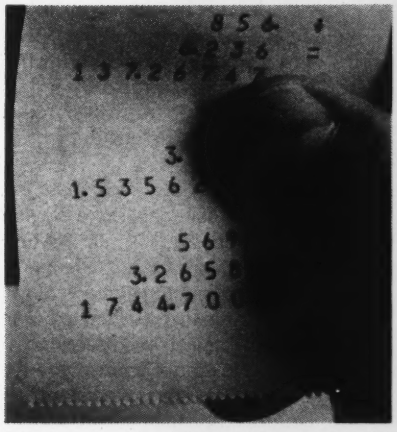
Forget about the price. For $99.95 you can own a fully-functional, quality, breakthrough product for the cost of an adding machine.

BUT YOU'LL REMEMBER THE GREAT FEATURES

The Casio AS-P is an 8-digit 4-function calculator with constant that you can operate as easily as an adding machine. It can subtotal, show negative balance, give grand totals, clear errors and produce a clear sharp printout.

The AS-P has a decimal selector, permitting the selection of either a full-floating, zero, two or four position decimal. In the fixed decimal positions, you can either round off the digit beyond the displayed number or simply cut the last numbers off. There's also dollar mode—a switch that always keeps the decimal in the two position so you don't have to continually enter the decimal point when you're adding dollars and cents.

If you enter more than the eight digit capacity of the printer, the unit prints E on the tape and the unit will not operate until you press the clear key to clear the error. Even the paper roll position is unique. By placing the paper roll inside the basic unit, there is no conventional overhang—a great space-saving design feature.



The tape on the AS-P registers large solid figures actually easier to read than most conventional adding machines.

The Casio's compact size, only 4 3/8" x 9 7/8" x 9 7/8" and light 10 lb weight make it the ideal desk unit for both home and office. Now everybody in your office can own their own printing calculator thanks to the revolutionary features and price of the Casio.

JS&A is America's largest single source of electronic calculators and Casio is a major calculator manufacturer known for their quality products and dependable service. Although the AS-P was designed to be service-free, Casio's national service network stands behind every machine—further assurance that your modest investment is well protected.

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Funny world

Fulminations

By Larry L. King

For some weeks, now, a ragged old woman claims my attention each time I sit to write. She has chosen Second Avenue in the 30s as her home. This old woman literally lives on the sidewalk—knapsack, paper bags and all—hobbling off to God knows what park bench or gutter at nightfall.

She is back early each morning, whiling away the long days by sitting and staring or pacing a dozen steps this way and that. Usually calm, she occasionally rises to rant at passers-by—alternating between severe scoldings and scornful laughter—before again lapsing into a melancholy quiet. I do not know what the old woman says to passers-by, for I attempt to avoid her. When I cannot, and she is manic, I get in the first blow by thunderously shouting, "Good morning, Mrs. Rockefeller." I then move on before she can retaliate. It is the coward's way of avoiding serious involvement. I do not know how the woman lives. I have never seen her beg. Nor have I seen her eat. Not once.

Among the 1.6 million people living on Manhattan Island are literally thousands of these "crazy ladies," homeless and deranged. They somehow bother me more than their male counterparts. Male derelicts have the red eyes and pallors and habits of booze hounds, muttering to themselves and mooching. They tend to curse those who fail to cross their palms with silver, and to wear out their welcomes with those who do. I have ceased dropping coins into their shaking hands: Once a neighborhood derelict is befriended, he tends to wait in ambush for your next stroll through his territory. Soon it becomes impossible to attend errands without attracting a Pied Piper's army of beggars. One increasingly looks away, and in so doing imitates the larger society.

No effective solutions exist for these homeless many. There are jails and observation wards and little else, save the temporary attentions of flop-houses or soup kitchens operated on a shoestring by private charities. The troubled derelicts cannot be held beyond their will, after initial observations, and even the deranged know enough to prefer free air to locks and rules.

No congressmen or governors or mayors appear to have any plans on the drawing board to help them. These street crazies are human refuse, left to their solitary wanderings and disjointed dreams. Periodically, when the "good people" complain, policemen sweep them off the streets with harsh warnings to find another precinct.

I thought of these helpless humans when Astronaut Deke Slayton blurted that the recent Apollo-Soyuz link-up in outer space was little more than a political public relations ploy. How many billions did it cost to permit a handful of Russian and American technicians to read to each other from prepared scripts among the stars? What might that money have done, backed by the serious long-range planning of concerned minds, for that old crazy lady who haunts my street and my gizzard?

Washington says the cause of peace was served by the outer-space linking. It allegedly eases tension, promotes detente, gives the world hope we won't all go up in flames. I have my doubts. If North Korea moves against South Korea, or if Israel moves on Egypt, do you *really* think that Washington or Moscow will say, "Hold on, here. We can't get involved in this. Why, hell, Our Boys and Their Boys are space buddies!" No. Too many "mutual security pacts," self-serving motives and nationalistic macho instincts prevail.

Funny world. Not-so-funny men run it. Alexander Solzhenitsyn, the exiled Russian writer, comes here preaching discredited Cold War scriptures and almost suggests preventative war. Rightist politicians have shit fits because President Ford won't receive him. Politics being politics, Ford capitulates by issuing an "open invitation" to Solzhenitsyn. If he accepts, and comes out of the White House spewing war talk, how likely is our mutual space shot—in the Russian mind—to cancel the damage done to detente?

There is a crazy old woman outside my window, with nothing to eat and no place to sleep. Jerry Ford and Brezhnev and the astronauts and Solzhenitsyn do not have her problems. Nor do they care about them. Do I? Do you? ●

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS ORLOFF

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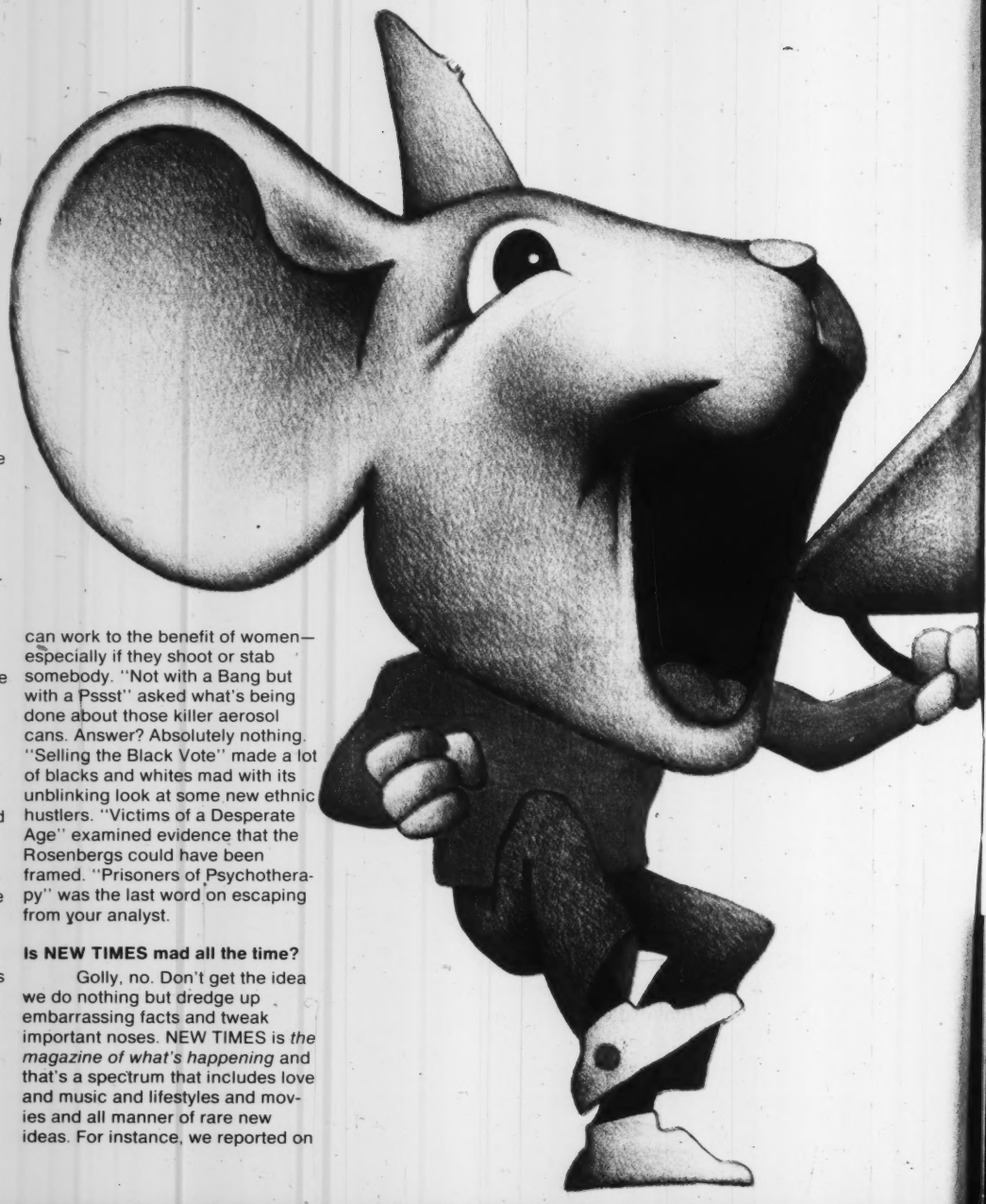
Now it turns out there are lemon-flavored iced tea mixes that work just fine. And you don't even have to boil water.

Therefore we invite you to try the Ice Pick, a tall, tasty summer drink that's easy to make after all. We only ask that before you serve it, you let everyone know that they're not just drinking iced tea.

To make an Ice Pick pour an ounce or so of Smirnoff into a tall glass filled with ice. Fill with lemon-flavored iced tea.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.®

New Times.
The mouse that ro



Superman we are not.

But that doesn't mean NEW TIMES isn't busting evil in the chops, fighting for the little guy, stripping the pants off phonies and generally shaking hell out of the establishment.

Like a mighty mouse, we are small but powerful feisty. Out of all proportion to size, we make waves. Strike fear in evil hearts. Give the tremble to fat cats. Shake the rafters. The Mouse That Roars, that's us.

Some recent roars.

Every two weeks, NEW TIMES comes along with a stick or two of dynamite in its fist.

There was our story on "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen," with NEW TIMES' nomination for the King of Dumb. You should have heard the screams on that one, including a well-attended press conference called by the King himself. There was "The CIA and the Mafia" concerning the inevitability with which gentlemen who wished to be killers gravitated to killers who wished to be gentlemen. There was our "Rendezvous with Abbie Hoffman"—a trip on the underground railroad that really caused an uproar.

In "The Greatest Cover-Up of All" we looked at the new evidence in the JFK assassination and concluded it was a conspiracy. In "Under Control," we got inside Silva Mind Control. Is it just the latest pyscho-chic or can it really give you the power to look inside other people's bodies? In "The Divine Recline of Miss M" we sought an answer to that heavy question—Has Bette Midler shot her bolt? In "The Prisons of Our Freedom," we visited a nightmare called Camp Pendleton where a lot of South Vietnamese were starting to ask, "When can we go home?"

"Women Who Murder" showed how male sexist attitudes can work to the benefit of women—especially if they shoot or stab somebody. "Not with a Bang but with a Pssst" asked what's being done about those killer aerosol cans. Answer? Absolutely nothing. "Selling the Black Vote" made a lot of blacks and whites mad with its unblinking look at some new ethnic hustlers. "Victims of a Desperate Age" examined evidence that the Rosenbergs could have been framed. "Prisoners of Psychotherapy" was the last word on escaping from your analyst.

Is NEW TIMES mad all the time?

Golly, no. Don't get the idea we do nothing but dredge up embarrassing facts and tweak important noses. NEW TIMES is *the magazine of what's happening* and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and movies and all manner of rare new ideas. For instance, we reported on

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Erhard Seminars Training (est), one of the most fascinating of the new life experiences. We got inside the world of bisexuality. We published our *own* medical research on pot—"Attention: Smoking Grass May Be Good for Your Health."

And of course we continue to report on the eternal battle of The Little Guys vs. The Big Guys. Like the story on Sam Lovejoy, who toppled the big bad nuclear tower. And the young hillbillies of Mendocino County who were damned if they'd let their houses be torn down for lack of city plumbing.

Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kunen, Mark Goodman, Frank Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and stands, crawl way out on limbs. Sure, NEW TIMES may fall on its face sometimes. But never on its knees!

We're plugged into *now*.

Whether you like it or not, you're living in a time of shattering transitions. Nobody knows where the world is heading and if they claim to, they lie!

NEW TIMES—more than any other magazine on the American scene, we think—is plugged into this difficult, exhilarating age. Do we understand what's going on? Sometimes, but not often enough. Do we know The Answers? Hell, we consider ourselves lucky when we know The Questions.

But we don't lie. We don't pretend impossible knowledge. Our minds and eyes are open and our promise to you is firm: we'll pin as much of the truth to the page as we know how.

Does NEW TIMES sound like your kind of magazine? If you've read this far, you're probably NEW TIMES' kind of person.

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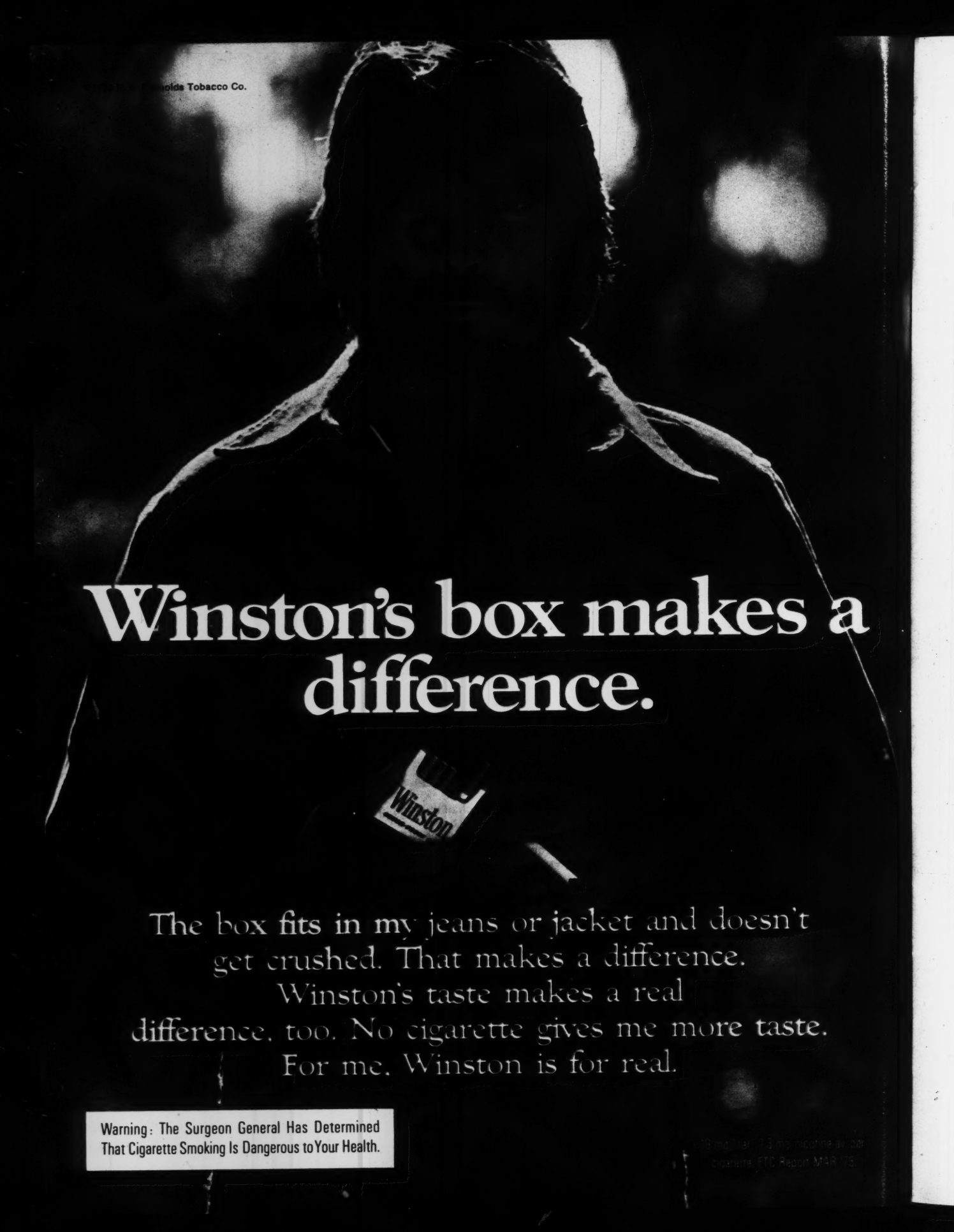
The Mouse that Roars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What Agnew has against Rocky;
The strangest dope law in the land

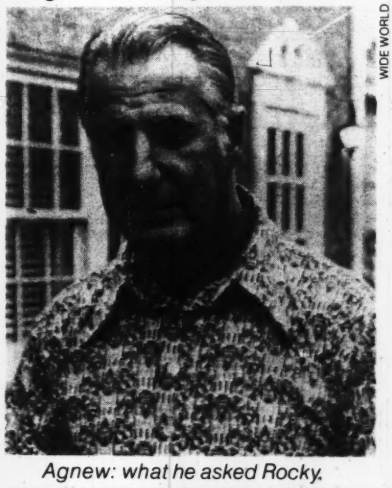
EDITED BY
TONY SCHWARTZ

The Insider

Power Politics

Agnew: no immunity

CBS's Leslie Stahl and *New York* magazine's Aaron Latham were vacationing in Rome recently, figuring it was an ideal place to get away from it all. Apparently, though, that's not so easy. As they sat in a quiet little restaurant having dinner, who should march in and sit next to them but Spiro T. Agnew. Stahl began to chuckle and



WIDE WORLD

Agnew: what he asked Rocky.

whisper frantically to Latham, but it was Agnew who broke the ice.

"You're Americans aren't you?" he asked, apparently not recognizing either of them.

"It's worse than that," replied Stahl. "We're reporters. In fact, it's even worse than that."

"What could be worse than that?" Agnew retorted.

"I'm with CBS," said Stahl. Agnew laughed, and the threesome spent the rest of dinner chatting. Agnew talked unflatteringly about Richard Nixon but saved his real wrath for his vice-presidential successor, Nelson Rockefeller.

Rocky, you may remember, testified during his confirmation hearings that Agnew, after resigning, had asked him for a loan. The charge outraged Agnew. He never asked for a loan, he told Stahl and Latham. What he requested was a Rockefeller Foundation grant—to undertake a study of immunity and plea-bargaining.

The Peter principle

Senior House Democrats had a plan for averting the recent acrimony over the makeup of the House committee to investigate the CIA: Get Peter Rodino to handle the probe. Who could complain after the bang-up job Rodino did in conducting the Nixon impeachment hearings?

Rodino complained, for one. After Michigan's Lucien Nedzi quit in a huff as chairman of the House CIA Committee, rumors were hot that the Judiciary Committee might be handed the CIA assignment. Rodino—its chairman—called House Majority Leader Tip O'Neill to beg off, claiming his committee's schedule was too heavy. The real reason, sources say, is that Rodino felt Church's Senate committee had already stolen the CIA investigation's thunder, and that the work just wouldn't be worth it.

While Rodino was busy declining the assignment, another veteran of the impeachment probe, Jack Brooks, who heads the House Government Operations Committee, was trying desperately to land it. He lobbied fellow Democrats extensively but was ruled out because too many of them felt Brooks only wanted the publicity. The final choice of New York's Otis Pike was considered safe; the eight-term congressman is respected but hardly controversial.

Climbing Hills

The rising star at the White House these days is a wealthy California lawyer named Roderick Hills. His unassuming title is deputy legal counsel, but, as the Nixon experience proved, titles can be deceiving. Although Ford's old Grand Rapids friend Philip Buchen is nominally in charge of presidential legal affairs, Hills has become the real power. His first task was to handle all White House business involving the various CIA investigations. Now he has moved into an area closer to Ford's heart—de-regulation. Hills is masterminding the President's effort to shrink the power of federal regulatory agencies. Coincidentally, his emergence gives Washington what is perhaps its most potent husband-wife team ever. Roderick Hills followed his wife, Carla Hills, to Washington after she was named Secretary of Housing and Urban Development several months ago.

Something is rotten in Vermont

For a decade, Jamaican workers have been recruited under a Labor Department program to harvest Vermont's apple crop. This year, however, in the face of a 10.2 percent state unemployment rate, the department has decided that the jobs should go to the locally out-of-work. The only problem is that state residents don't want the work. A mere 19 people signed up in response to a recent television, radio and mail recruitment campaign directed at unskilled workers on unemployment.

Why so few? On the one hand, the job lasts only the four or five weeks

FRED W. MCDARRAH

Apple pickers: the work nobody wants

of the harvest, a commitment must be made months in advance and the work is extremely difficult. But perhaps most important, the pay is only $2.54 an hour. For many potential workers, tax-free unemployment benefits would nearly equal after-tax apple picking pay; for others the end of the picking season would mean lower unemployment benefits, since amounts are calculated on the basis of the worker's most recent income.

The Labor Department claims the growers want the Jamaican workers only because they are easier to control and seldom make wage demands. The growers say they simply can't afford to pay more and the crop has to be harvested. And the uneasy middle ground is voiced by Vermont Employment Security Commissioner Madelyn Davidson: "I hate to discuss the question of pay. $2.54 is a lot of money for these Jamaicans. They work here a month and go home wealthy by their standards." Unemployment in their country is a staggering 20 percent and many are forced to work on almost any terms.

Unless the Labor Department relents or the apple growers agree to raise wages significantly, the entire crop could be lost. One compromise that has been discussed is to employ Puerto Ricans, whose 17.2 percent island unemployment makes them as anxious to work as their Jamaican counterparts; the political advantage is that they are American citizens. In the meantime, although it is difficult to pinpoint specific blame, the irony that unemployment may cause work to go undone seems uniquely American.

The buycentennial

Frank Rizzo and a host of local businesses want the Declaration of Independence returned to Philadelphia. An official at the National Archives in Washington, where the document now resides, calls the idea "ridiculous. They'll get it over our dead bodies." The joke, though, is really on the bicentennial since the controversy is yet another sad example of its commercialization.

Philadelphia 76 Inc. is a group that includes Acme Markets, Gino's Restaurants, Girard banks, John Wanamaker stores and Mayor Rizzo himself. They say the document belongs in Philly; not coincidentally, its presence is worth millions of tourists in a bicentennial year. The sponsors have spread petitions

UPI

Rizzo: making Declarations

supporting the cause around Philadelphia and even had them passed out at the All-Star Game. On July 16, Rizzo formally wrote President Ford asking him to approve the move and announced that 200,000 of a projected 1 million signatures had already been collected. All of this outrages the serious types over at the Archives whose long list of reasons for opposing the move includes its commercial motives, Washington's superior security and the danger of moving a badly deteriorated document anywhere.

The White House isn't taking sides yet, but last week the affair gained an odd new dimension. The Library of Congress announced that it has new evidence proving that the first published version of the Declaration isn't in Washington after all. Instead, it's in the Historical Society . . . of Philadelphia.

The Word

Deplaning Hefner

These are not the best of times for Hugh Hefner. *Penthouse* is breathing down *Playboy*'s neck, Hef himself took a salary cut and for the first time since the company went public, no dividend was declared this year. Now Hefner has been advised—by a man he called in to help reorganize the Playboy empire—to get rid of the famous DC-9 jet and to unload the now little-used but once-famous Chicago mansion where it all began.

"The plane costs more than a million dollars a year and the mansion rather more," Victor Lownes, head of Playboy's European organization, told an interviewer recently. "Hef's lifestyle is part of the image of *Playboy* magazine and served a useful purpose in the past. But it's been my recommendation that these things go and I think he'll go along."

French kiss-off

With De Gaulle dead and gone, and Giscard d'Estaing splashing around a Caribbean pool with Jerry Ford, it seemed reasonable to assume that the famous French contempt for things American might be on the wane. Not so. The following announcement precedes all French screenings of *The Towering Inferno*, currently doing turnaway business in Paris:

"The events in this film do not take place in France. Because the French building code is much more rigorous than the one discussed in this film, it is impossible that such a tragedy could occur in this country."

Birdbath

Lady Bird Johnson has given to an unlikely cause—the construction of President Ford's new White House swimming pool. There was a pool during LBJ's presidency, but Richard

WIDE WORLD

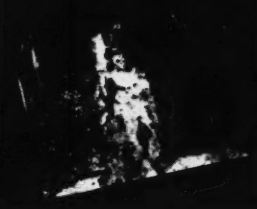
Johnson: in the swim

Nixon had it covered and turned the area into a press briefing room. Said Lady Bird's note to Ford: "With all my heart I hope you enjoy your swims. I know how much a person in your job needs relaxation." She included a check for $1,000.

Seventies

An ounce of prevention

When debate began early this year on what should be made illegal as part of Indiana's revised drug law, cigarette papers were on the list. After a number



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- **PanzerArmee Afrika**
- **Tank!**
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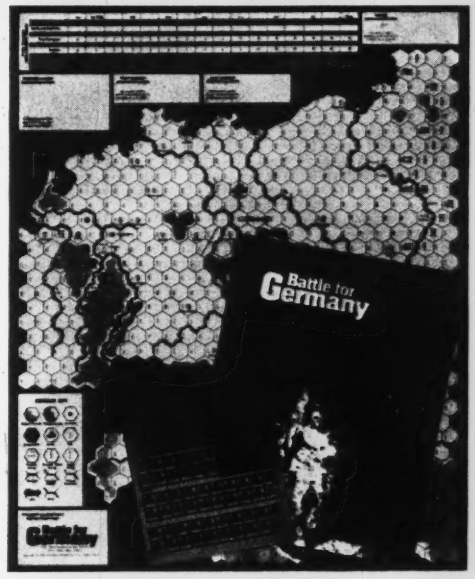

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of legislators pointed out that papers can be used legally to roll tobacco, they were apparently rescued from oblivion. But not before one member of a local drug-alert program vainly appealed for a ban at least on "Top" brand rolling papers. "Nobody can tell me they're not meant for smoking marijuana," he explained. "Because if you turn "TOP" around, it spells "POT."

If cigarette papers survived, almost nothing else remotely related to drug use did. A provision in Indiana's new drug law will shortly make the possession of dope "paraphernalia" a misdemeanor and its sale a felony. Among ("but not limited to . . .") the items which have been made illegal in Indiana are the following:

"Metal, wood, acrylic, glass, stone, plastic or ceramic marihuana or hashish pipes with or without screens . . . . water pipes . . . . carburetion tubes and devices; smoking and carburetor masks; roach clips; cocaine spoons and vials; chamber pipes; chillums; bongs; ice pipes and chillers."

STEVE COOPER

A group of attorneys are planning to appeal the paraphernalia provision and hope to have it declared unconstitutional. In the meantime, the only good news is for dope smokers living in nearby states. Indiana head shops are running literal "close-out" sales and great buys abound.

Charity unleashed

This is the story of Eddie Witherspoon, a kid whose hard luck tapped a spring of goodwill that turned into a flood.

Eddie is an 8-year-old boy who was going to school last term in a rough section of Gary, Indiana, while living with his grandmother. Because he is from rural Georgia he had little street savvy, but was nonetheless fascinated by the luxuries of the big city. Luxuries such as the library.

That's just where Eddie was heading on the afternoon of June 2 when he was approached by a teenage boy and ordered to steal something from a store across the street. Eddie refused and the older boy began beating him with a brick, finally leaving him on the sidewalk, bleeding and mangled. No one stopped to help, and finally the boy hailed a passing truck driver who agreed to take him home and promptly disappeared. Eddie was rushed to the hospital, where he spent the next day—his eighth birthday—in an intensive care unit. Doctors said that the boy would probably need plastic surgery or he'd be deformed for the rest of his life.

A cousin in Chicago heard about Eddie's plight, spent a sleepless night and finally thought to give the story to the press. The Gary paper plastered it on the front page the next day, and for many days after. The Chicago *Tribune* did a series of pieces on Eddie; a Chicago television station did a short clip.

The stories began to turn Eddie's luck. PACT, a local black community organization, began the "Eddie Witherspoon Operation Fund." Not to be outdone, a publicity-conscious councilman, Vernon Smith, started the "Eddie Witherspoon Medical Fund." At the end of a week nearly $5,000 had been raised and everyone seemed happy.

A few days later Eddie's physician announced that the boy would not need plastic surgery after all, that he was healthy and as good as new. His fund-raisers—which now included the police department, the local library and a women's group—said the money would go instead to Eddie's hospital bills. Keep it coming, they said.

Eddie's release from the hospital was on TV, and he soon began appearing at barbecues, parades and luncheons. He was given a bicycle and numerous other presents. The cash kept coming—from schoolchildren and office pools and workingmen, from in state and out—and soon more than $10,000 had been raised. Eddie's grandmother began to get nervous; her unlisted number never stopped ringing.

"I sure can't wait to send him home," she told a reporter. "This is making me a nervous wreck." The County Welfare Department finally announced that it would foot all Eddie's hospital bills. His fund had

WIDE WORLD

Witherspoon: presents abound

grown—from $10,000 to $20,000 to $30,000. The fund-raisers announced that money already collected would go to an education fund for Eddie. The Gary newspaper carried a story with a headline reading "Groups' New Plea: Stop Giving!"

Councilman Smith now wants to hold a banquet with Eddie as guest of honor in order to present him with all the money that has been collected. The total was nearing $50,000 in a recent count. Eddie is just fine, thank you, but the banquet will have to wait a little longer. Every time the fund-raisers try to count the total, another shipment comes in.

Post Scripts

That championship season (*NT*: Sept. 20, 1974)

Last July, six Notre Dame football players were suspended for having sex with an 18-year-old woman. Officially they were said to have violated a university rule by having sex in a dormitory room; the woman herself pressed charges of rape, then dropped them after the university took its action. The players sat out the 1974 season and the incident may have cost Notre Dame a second consecutive national championship.

Five of the players were recently reinstated with full scholarships; the sixth—quarterback Roy Henry—decided last fall to enroll at Southwestern Louisiana University.

Provisions for reinstatement included personal references and a letter from each player explaining what he had done in the past 12 months to

"rehabilitate" himself. All either worked or attended school part-time, and each one will return as a sophomore with three years of remaining eligibility. The returnees are safety Luther Bradley of Muncie, Ind.; halfback Al Hunter of Greenville, N.C.; defensive end Willie Fry of Memphis; halfback Dan Knott of Chowchilla, Calif.; and defensive end Ross Browner of Warren, Ohio. Although the players missed spring practice, an athletic department spokesman says the majority of them will be in solid contention for starting positions.

Wounded Knee (*NT*: May 30, 1975)

The violence connected with the American Indian Movement has escalated since *New Times* ran its story "Burying still at Wounded Knee" two months ago. In early June, AIM leader Russell Means was shot, although not critically wounded, following a powwow on a North Dakota reservation. Official government reports were that Means had been shot in the abdomen accidentally; according to AIM witnesses, he was shot in the back by Ted Kelly, the son of a Bureau of Indian Affairs policeman.

Early in July, two FBI agents came to the reservation to investigate a kidnapping; reports of what happened are characteristically conflicting, but both agents were shot to death and their alleged Indian assailants have not yet been identified. During a massive search for the killers, the FBI exchanged gunfire with 16 Indians on the reservation, an FBI helicopter was shot down, one Indian was killed and the rest escaped.

As the date of the Pine Ridge tribal election draws closer, violent exchanges between the reservation's two factions are likely to continue. In November AIM leader Means will run against current Tribal Council President Dick Wilson, for the right to head the Sioux Indian Nation at Pine Ridge. Means came within 200 votes of ousting Wilson in February 1974.

In the meantime, an organization founded to defend individuals indicted after the Wounded Knee occupation in 1973 and the Custer Courthouse melee of 1973 is desperately in need of funds. The Wounded Knee Defense/Offense Committee's address is Wounded Knee, South Dakota 57794.

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The boys in the barracks

Public and private employers are abandoning their discrimination against gay people, and now a decade's liberation movements have penetrated deep into America's most restrictive establishment

By Andrew Kopkind

Love and death are both military moods. The armed force that creates a culture of killing also produces passions more profound than inhabit any civilian community. Romance in the trenches, brotherhood in the barracks and intimacy in the cockpits of combat are as much a part of military life as the lessons of war. But the affections that might seem the most natural—of soldier for soldier—are also the most unacceptable; and until now, the American armed forces have reacted to homosexuality with fear and loathing that is excessive even by the puritan standards off base. Long after there were publicly gay priests and politicians, there are no openly gay PFCs—at least none who is not under some kind of prosecution.

Andrew Kopkind is a journalist on the staff of Boston's WBCN-FM and Cambridge's The Real Paper.

Suddenly, but not so surprisingly, an army of gay lovers is gearing up for battle with the Army of straight soldiers. Or perhaps the formation is on the order of a platoon against a division. It's not always easy to see the lines, or the action, but it is clear that a decade's liberation movements, countercultural styles and political activism have penetrated deep into the reaches of the most regimented and restrictive establishment in America. Soldiers, seamen, airmen; women and men; officers, enlistees and reservists are challenging the military's strictures against homosexuality—where even an unexpressed "tendency," according to the rules, is enough to warrant a dishonorable discharge, or worse.

The opening gun, or at least the biggest blast in that fight so far, was fired by Technical Sergeant Leonard Matlovich, who decided last March that 12 years in the Air Force closet was too long, and in the style of thousands of homosexuals in the past few years, "came out"

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to his employer, co-workers, parents and friends. Unlike those other hundreds of servicemen and women who are mustered out of their units and less-than-honorably discharged each year for loving against Government Issue, Matt Matlovich was not under suspicion, investigation or prosecution. He was not caught *in flagrante delicto,* but trapped in the schizoid world of hidden homosexuals.

"I was tired of hiding from myself and everyone else," Matlovich said recently as we talked above the air-conditioner hum in his bungalow in Hampton, Va., near his post at Langley Air Force Base. He was going about his business in these steamy summer weeks before the authorities responded to his simple disclosure. Not much had changed on the surface of his life. He dressed in Air Force blue each morning, traveled the few miles to his office on post, did his paperwork, chatted amiably with the others in his office. Throughout the day he would meet other gay NCOs in the cafeteria, the parking lot or by the water cooler down the hall from his desk. They talked furtively, quickly, about developments in Matlovich's "case," or about news of the local community of homosexuals. Then they parted without much of a fond goodbye.

"My boss told me to stay away from Matt," Sgt. Pat Walters, another gay airman who works in a nearby office, said when I met him with Matlovich at the water cooler. The two sergeants chuckled. "So I got to go now," Walters said, already on the run. ("Walters," like others in this account who have not made public their homosexuality, are referred to by pseudonyms. Perhaps it may not be necessary much longer to be so guarded in such reports.)

No one else among the hundreds—perhaps thousands—of homosexuals at Langley and the surrounding military posts has joined Matlovich in coming out, unasked. But although it was his own solitary choice to reveal his sexual orientation to his superiors—and thereby provoke discharge proceedings against him—Matlovich was in some sense not alone. He stands at a peculiar juncture of cultural history, between conflicting systems of values about sexuality, masculinity, privacy and self-identity. The military system has the force of tradition behind it, but it has lost its forward drive. Younger homosexual servicepeople never forget the regulations, but cannot resist expressing those aspects of gay culture that are tolerated—even chic—in civilian life. They live as lovers, travel to gay resorts, dance at the bars and socialize within the gay sets on every military post. They tell their straight friends about their lives and loves—and hope they won't be reported. They rarely are. Change is evident everywhere at the lowest echelons of the military order, but it has not yet gained the top. Matlovich is a victim as well as an agent of change, and it is his dangerous mission to draw fire to the system, as a point man on patrol presents himself as a target.

By coincidence—but not without some historical logic—a band of other servicepeople have joined Matlovich this summer at that cultural crossroads where he took his exposed position. Two WAC lesbians—PFC Barbara Randolph and Pvt. Debbie Watson—are contesting their less-than-honorable discharges from the service; they had gone to the authorities at Fort Devens, Mass., for help in sorting out their difficulties as Army lovers, and the Army responded by giving them the boot. At Dover Air Force Base, in Delaware, Sgt. Skip Keith declared his homosexuality to a roomful of fellow students in his "race relations" class; he thought his double oppression as a black homosexual might be relevant to the class' discussion of discrimination. He is now awaiting formal discharge hearings. Navy nurses and Army reservists are at various stages of appeals from administrative discharge boards.

Two WAC lesbians, Barbara Randolph and Debbie Watson, went to the authorities for help in sorting out their troubles as Army lovers. The Army responded by giving them the boot

None of them knew—or knew much—of the other challenges, but they all express an idea of resistance whose time has come. The pace is sometimes slow, but private and public institutions—from A. T. & T. to the U.S. Civil Service Commission—have relaxed or abandoned their restrictions against homosexual employees. Twelve states have stricken their sodomy laws and 22 cities have enacted various sexual freedom and anti-discrimination laws. At last, as the movement for sexual civil rights reaches the most inflexible, intolerant institution of all, the military is closing ranks against the acceptance of homosexuality. Lest current trends of sexual tolerance cause reluctance at the local level to search out and destroy illicit love, the secretary of defense issued orders in June for the "prompt separation" of homosexuals and the preclusion of their service in the armed forces "in any capacity."

"Sooner or later, one of these cases will produce a court decision declaring discrimination against homosexuals unconstitutional," said ACLU lawyer Jerry Cohen, the man who defended the two Fort Devens women. "It's likely to happen in the armed services because their intolerance is so blatant, and it has the force of law. The military is the key institution. Just as the racial integration of the military in the late '40s set the stage for a national social policy of integration, the critical sexual battles are going to be fought here."

It is not as if the handful of homosexuals now putting up a fight, or even those others cashiered every year in semi-secret shame, constitute the entire gay population in the services. Careful research is hard to come by, and the Pentagon's figures are skewed, but two Kinsey Institute scholars estimated in 1971 that the percentage of homosexuals in the military hardly differ from the number in civilian society. The various defense lawyers and experts in the current cases use a standard estimate of "10 percent gay," in and out of uniform, although Alfred Kinsey believed that "the active incidence of the homosexual in the . . . U.S. population among men of Army and Navy age is nearly 30 percent." One gay sergeant I met thought even that larger figure was low: "If all the gay people in the military were laid end to end . . . ," he began, and laughed instead of ending the gag.

The evidence of one's eyes and ears is more telling than the statistics. In the days I spent around Langley Air Force Base, I traveled easily in the gay subculture, and watched as it collided with and accommodated the dominant military culture. Gay people know each other—or know about each other—in every office and barracks. Everyone knows stories about homosexual generals and colonels. A former commanding general of the Air Force in Europe is widely reported to have been gay. One young airman told of his relationship with an Air Force general in the Far East that included weekend "R and R" holidays to romantic places aboard military planes. I mentioned to one sergeant at Langley that I had just talked with the (straight) wing information officer, and that he seemed uptight about the gay issue.

"Well, you should have seen the guy who had his job a while back—he was a real queen!" the sergeant reported with a mocking flick of the wrist—a ghetto joke that he would not have made among straights.

Homosexuals have a hundred ways of "signaling" their identity to each other: a movement of the eyes, a motion of a hand, a certain walk. Rarely do those mannerisms conform to the broad stereotypes of gay behavior—male and female—that fill gay ghetto humor as well as straight cruel comedy. They are simply subtle and sometimes subliminal expressions of a different culture. That "difference" is crucial. Gay people learn to act out the apartness they feel either in broad parody or careful imitation of straight styles. Non-gays invariably seize on the parodies. Hollywood's version of a homosexual soldier is either a mincing transvestite or a vicious, suicidal "butch" psychotic like Rod Steiger's caricature in *The Sergeant.* The gay men I met at Langley had nothing to do with either image. They could spot each other, perhaps, but they were necessarily invisible to the rest of the military world.

Beyond the signals, gays meet in one another's off-base apartments, or at beaches, or in the "cruising" areas that serve as pick-up points for the kind of encounters that straight people find it possible to achieve in better-lighted environments. Not the least irony of the military's confrontation with homosexual life is the gays' use of the Iwo Jima Memorial atop a hill in Arlington, Va., as a nighttime cruising ground. Lovers can meet, or make out, with a breaktaking view of the Pentagon, the Capitol and the Washington Monument, for whatever symbolic value any of those edifices may carry.

Gay bars are still the favorite meeting place, and there is probably one or more within shooting distance of every major military post in the country. The custom spreads rapidly, as well, to the outposts of empire. Skip Keith recalled that there were at least two exclusively gay bars on Tu Do Street in old Saigon, and the USO "service clubs" at the big Air Force bases—Cam Ranh Bay, Bien Hoa and Danang—were "very cruisy."

"The best place to cruise was the military swimming pool just by Tan Son Nhut Airport," Keith said. "It was subtle, of course, but people cruised there left and right."

In Norfolk the place to go these days is the Cue Club, a large warehouse of a building on a back street of town. What makes it popular is that it stands virtually in the center of the largest concentration of military manpower in the country.

At midnight on a weekday night the bar was crowded. The disco-soul music was loud, the dance floor was active with male and female couples bumping and jerking just as they do in New York and San Francisco. A sailor from the aircraft carrier *Nimitz* walked in and Matt Matlovich gave him a big hug and kiss. "We once had a brief 'thing,'" an Air Force major standing next to me said as the sailor walked away, "but I got sent to Indochina, and when I got back he'd found somebody else." The major chuckled and shrugged his shoulders.

Other servicemen in civvies came over to greet Matlovich, who is already something of a gay hero in Virginia Tidewater military lore. There were seamen from their ships, soldiers from Fort Eustis and Fort Monroe, Air Force officers from T.A.C. headquarters at Langley, Marines, medical corpsmen, WAFs, WACs and WAVEs—and civilian gays who work on all the bases. Almost everyone I spoke with was in the service, and Matlovich estimated that the crowd is 75 to 80 percent military on an average night. No one seems to worry about raids. "Once in a while there's an Intelligence agent in here, but he's usually working on a specific case," Matlovich said. "The military could bust 10 percent of its personnel in this area just by rounding up the people who come here, but it's the last thing they want to do."

Gay people know each other—or know about each other—in every office and barracks. They can spot each other, but they are necessarily invisible to the rest of the military world

The coexistence of gay and military communities presents scores of such paradoxes, and none of them is easy to explain. The harsh regulations against the admission or retention of gays in the service are enforced only selectively—but then with accompanying flights of rhetorical contempt. At the "hearing" for Barbara Randolph at Fort Devens—it was more like a trial or, at times, a medieval inquisition—the prosecuting (male) Army captain railed against "this insidious, sinister thing," whispered "psychosis" and warned, "Don't let this spread." And yet more and more accused homosexuals are retained in the service each year, or given honorable or general discharges, instead of dishonorable ones, as was once the case. And the gay communities around the bases continue to grow.

"Everywhere I've been in eight years in the services I've found a gay social life," Steve Lockhart, an Air Force captain, said. He and his lover—a civilian hairdresser—sat around the living room in the house of a gay retired Air Force major and talked with a half dozen other gay servicemen about the homosexual military subculture.

"I joined the Air Force hoping it would make me straight," Lockhart said. "That's how much I knew. I was stationed at Nellis Air Force Base [in Nevada] and everyone would come into the gay bar in Las Vegas, and pretty soon I was in the gay community. As long as I'm careful I don't think I'll have any trouble. At this point, I hope to stay in for 20 years."

Gary Jones and Tim Vasquez are both sergeants. They've just become lovers and are sharing their first apartment. Jones came along to the major's house and waited for Vasquez, who was working late at his office. There was a bad thunderstorm outside, and Jones was nervous about driving conditions. At length, the door burst open and Vasquez ran in, soaking wet. He hugged Jones, who was much relieved, and the two joined the conversation.

"I enlisted to *forget* I was gay," Jones said. "I guess for some people it's like joining a monastery or a nunnery. It's another way you can find security and a kind of family, without being married and living in the suburbs with the wife and the kids."

"Gay people are never satisfied," Lockhart joked. "They either want to get in or they want to get out. A lot of people enlisted as medics or some special service to get out of the draft. Then they said they were gay and wanted a discharge."

"The thing is, they don't know what it's going to be like," Jones added, lifting his eyes and shaking his head, and everyone agreed.

"I tried it for four years," another sergeant said finally, "but the military is no place for gays."

But not everyone agrees with that. Skip Keith likes the Air Force so much—at least he likes maintaining C-5 transports—that he re-upped after briefly trying out civilian life between periods of service. Barbara Randolph and Debbie

Watson fought hard to stay in the Army. They were enthusiastic about their schoolwork at the Army Security Agency at Fort Devens. They were eager to do whatever electronic surveillance analysis they were supposed to be trained for, and they were proud not to be able to tell me about it. They valued their top-secret clearance.

But the Army's way is to take away what its members prize, and give them exactly what they do not want. Randolph and Watson were relieved of their school assignment and their clearance. Worse, they were drummed out of the honor drill team, where they had spent some of their happiest hours marching together. Still, they maintained an almost inexhaustible affection for the Army. "It's not the military or the people," Watson said, "it's the regulations." Despite everything—at least for a while—the military is an available and secure source of authority for many homosexuals as well as heterosexuals who need it.

Many gays I met—Matlovich and Randolph, for two—were "Air Force brats"; that is, their fathers had been career airmen. In some ways, the military became a surrogate for their fathers in later life. But for some, "coming out" has been accompanied by a rejection of military regimentation and the authoritarian values they once found attractive. Matlovich, for instance, is hardly the "flag-waving, right-wing racist," he says, with horror, he once was.

The very process of self-disclosure and the inevitable conflict it produces can easily bring gay servicepeople to make connections between forms of oppression and discrimination throughout the social structure. They can feel an affinity, if not an identity, with blacks, the poor, women and (in the case of Vietnam) the "enemy." Liberation is hard to contain in only one area of consciousness.

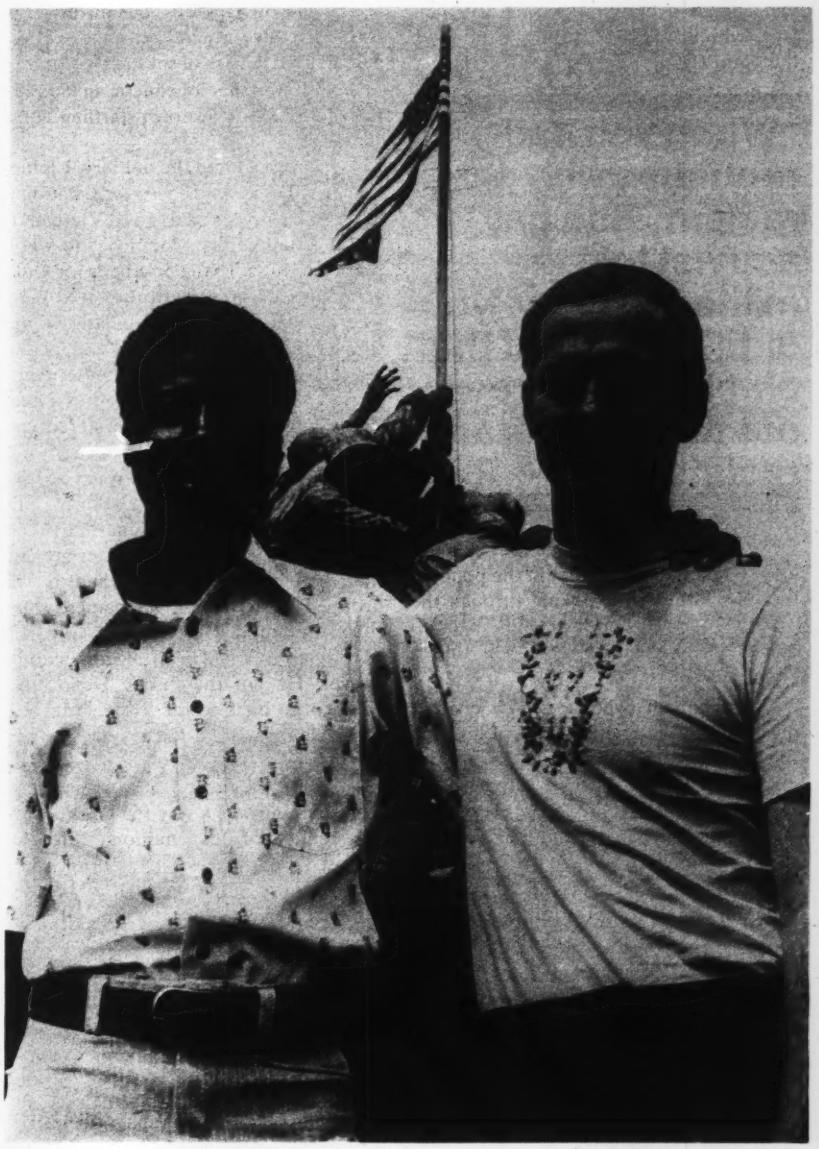
Civilian political activists find it contradictory to support gay enlisted men and women who want to stay in the service, and they often seem impatient about the process of consciousness-raising. At an anti-militarism demonstration at Fort Devens that was supposed to—but did not—include support for the lesbians' rights—I encountered almost as much hostility to the women's pro-Army position as to their gay oppression. "We can't get excited about their fight to stay in the Army and to do all that surveillance stuff," a demonstrator said huffily.

But oppression is where you find it, and for gays in the military it is never farther away than the anxious heterosexual in the next office—or the next bunk. Paranoia runs deep, and fears of discovery—and self-discovery—keep many homosexual servicepeople locked tightly in their closets, entirely coloring the lives of those who have to any degree "come out." Self-disclosure may be liberating, but the military authorities see it as a confession of crime. Fellow servicepeople may see it as an admission of sin—or a threat of contamination. Skip Keith's roommate moved out the day after Keith came out. "He said he just couldn't handle it," Keith said. Matlovich once told a roommate of his that he was attracted to him; the man moved "in five minutes."

Homosexuals in the military are bound by a stifling series of catches—more so than in civilian life, where there are at least possible avenues of escape. In the service, regulations define gays as mentally unstable and a threat to good order. Straight or presumably straight servicemen are reinforced in their fears and prejudices against homosexuality. A system of anxiety and hostility is developed in which good order *is* undone and mental stability *is* often impaired. The military's prophecies are thus fulfilled and the gays are discharged.

At Barbara Randolph's hearing, expert witness Frank Kameny, the Washington, D.C., gay activist, tried to explain that triple bind to the panel of colonels and captain with an analogy to the military's experience with racial integration:

"When you had problems with racism, you didn't throw out the blacks,"



Keith (left) and Matlovich at the Iwo Jima Memorial near Washington.

Kameny argued. "You threw out the recalcitrant racists."

Randolph had been the "soldier of the month" in March, as a shakedown of sexual habits in the WAC barracks began. But prosecution witnesses said that her lesbianism had made her a "bad soldier" (in the same way, Matlovich's overall efficiency rating was automatically dropped from a "9"—the highest—to a "0" when he came out to his superiors). "It affects the girls," Randolph's WAC company executive officer said on the stand.

Could it be that the "bigotry" of straight women and the Army's enforced intolerance created the tensions in the barracks? the defense asked. No, the captain said primly, "that's an individual matter. The Army is not responsible for bigotry." In other words, sexuality is private when it suits the military's terms, but political when it does not.

The politics of sexuality in the armed services are not qualitatively different for heteros or homos, but the effects are widely disparate. Straights get lessons in avoiding heterosexual V.D. They are encouraged by the macho military culture to "sow their wild oats," put up pinups of big-breasted women, pick up dates at singles bars, frequent brothels in places where they exist. There is a voluminous literature of wife-swapping among the officer class, and many military posts have "key clubs" where group sex is not only tolerated, but institutionalized. Straight men have the regulation version of the fantasies of fighting in the day and fucking at night, and straight women in the service have the correct-gender expectations of finding true love in the olive drab.

But gay fantasies are determined by the authorities to impair morale and order. It's hardly surprising that gay servicepeople half believe that their expectations of love—and the infrequent expressions of it that they are allowed—are somehow perverse, if not exactly pathological. With friends, they are eager to tell their stories, as if they were tales of combat and danger:

"I was once in love with my copilot," an Air Force navigator with 14 years of service began. "He was straight, and when he figured out what was happening, he wouldn't talk to me for two weeks. Finally, we discussed it in the Officers Club one night, and everything was OK after that.

"But I would get very depressed, and I couldn't tell anyone what was bothering me. About 10 years ago I was going through a very bad time and my roommate, my closest friend, tried to get me to say what it was, but I was afraid to let it out. One night in Tokyo we had a few drinks and he looked at me and said, 'What you need is to go to bed with a man.' Well, we started a relationship, and it would have gone on but he was killed a little later in Vietnam. Also, he was married and he had two kids."

Most gay men in the service have stories like that. Fred Seligman, a medical corpsman in Vietnam, was deeply attracted to his Marine sergeant:

"I guess I was in love with him. He was a kind of substitute father for me, the top man in the platoon, a real tough guy who knew his shit. One day we were out on patrol near An Wa. We were walking along a river when I heard an explosion and everyone started screaming. I ran back and looked down. His body was by the side of a crater. I tripped over his foot, which was strewn further on down the path. His guts were over everything. I took my poncho out and put him in it and went back and put his foot in the poncho, too. His bones were poking through the plastic. I carried him half a mile back to camp. It's taken me six years to be able to cry about it."

"When you had problems with racism," the gay activist told the military panel, "you didn't throw out the blacks. You threw out the recalcitrant racists"

Seligman (who is now a civilian physician in the South) thinks of his love for the sergeant as "etheréal, pure—and unconsummated." Death was part of it, too: The military drenches everything with death and danger, and then uses the banal bureaucracy to keep the hearts and minds of its members off the subject. Repression merely feeds the fantasies.

"This may be a kind of sado-masochistic trip, you know," Will Gerzon, an Air Force buck sergeant, said mischievously as we talked near the jukebox at the Cue Club in Norfolk. "Everything in the military is 'yes, sir'—with boots on!" Uniforms as drag, weapons as gear, military manners as bondage and discipline: Life in the Army, for straights no less than gays, is porn by other means. "It's like being a diabetic in a candy shop," Seligman, the former corpsman, joked. "You can look, but you can't touch."

Matt Matlovich hears it all the time. His house is filled with boxes of letters from gay servicepeople around the country who believe that at last they have found someone who understands.

"I left a small town to join the service," an Air Force staff sergeant in the upper Midwest wrote Matlovich. "I knew what I was when I enlisted. I did so to be around guys, even if I couldn't touch. At least I could look and wonder what it would be like. I've met guys in the Air Force who make it quite obvious what they are after, but I never mess with anybody. I couldn't afford it. Like so many other gay military men and women, I too walk on eggshells, but for now I've learned to live my life of loneliness and pain behind a mask of smiles."

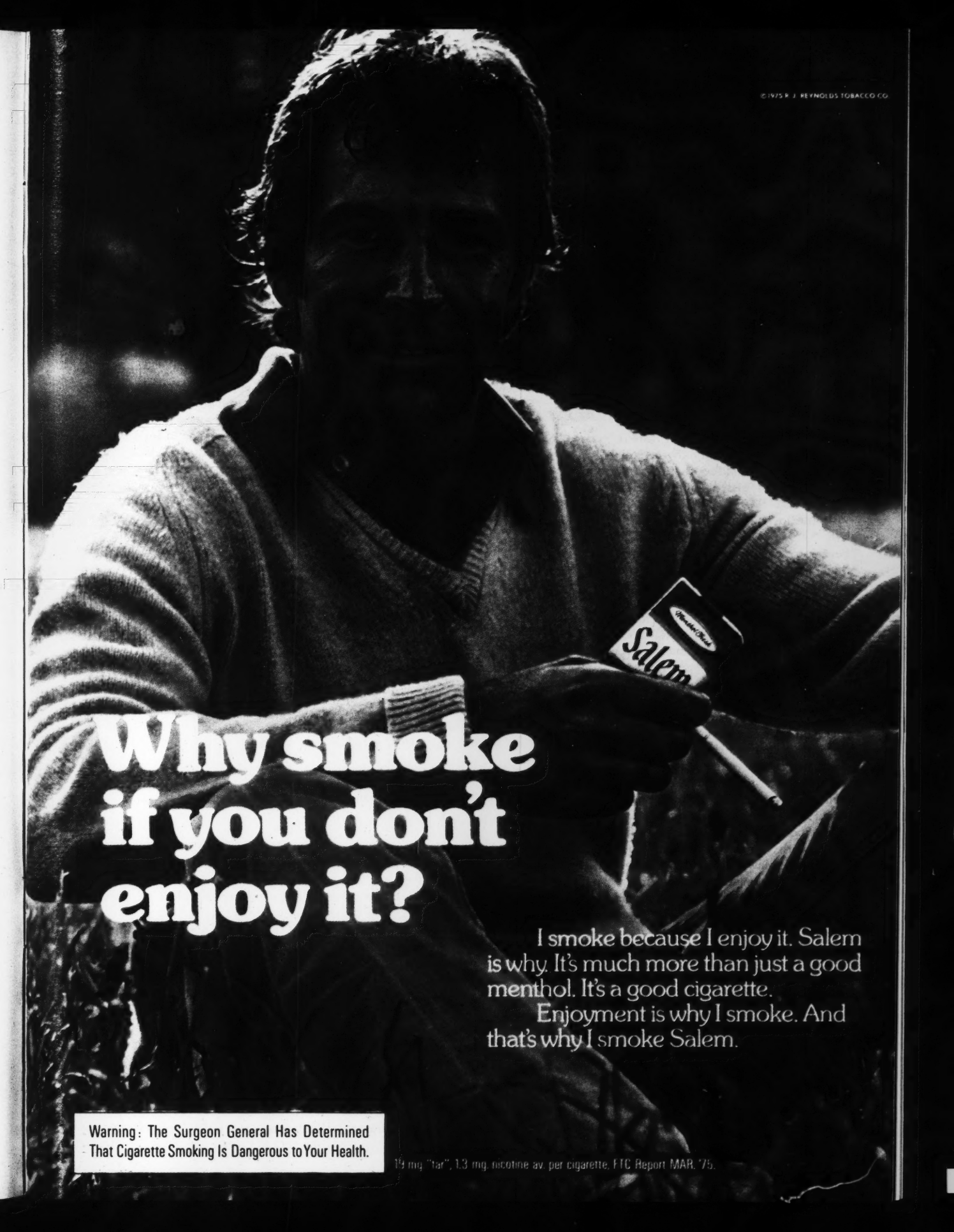
It was that loneliness, in fact, that led Matlovich to his own startling act of defiance:

"I just adored the military. I joined the Air Force when we were stationed in England. I wanted to go to Vietnam to 'kill a Commie for Mommy,' the whole patriotic thing. I rang doorbells for Goldwater in California until they told me it was against Air Force regulations and threatened to court-martial me. I was continuously volunteering for Vietnam. I guess I wanted to prove myself as a man. Being gay, you hear all the stereotypes and you want to prove them wrong."

Matlovich did three tours in Vietnam. On his second, he nearly blew himself to bits on a land mine—an American-made anti-personnel cluster grenade that had not detonated when it was dropped in a bomb. Vietnamese guerrillas replanted it as a booby trap, and Matlovich touched if off digging with his shovel. He got the Purple Heart, then tried to go back to the 'Nam. "Maybe it was a death wish, I don't know," he says now.

But whatever else it was, combat in Indochina was a way for him to avoid the reality of his emotional life. For almost 10 years he was on the run, alighting for only a few months at bases at home or abroad. Then, two summers ago, he settled in at Eglin Air Force Base in Florida. His job was instructing airmen in race relations. Something had turned him from the "right-wing racist" to a civil rights advocate. Maybe the same thing—a psychological awakening at a critical historical moment—was propelling him into the struggle for his own sexual liberation. In that certain summer he met other gay people for the first time.

"I never found any other homo-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19 mg "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

sexuals in the Air Force," Matlovich continued. "I thought the whole gay world was dirty bookstores and fuck books. I'd never heard of gay liberation, I didn't know there were gay bars. One day I went to a dirty bookstore in Pensacola, hoping to meet someone—anyone—and I saw five airmen from my base. I overheard their conversation and I could tell they were gay. Later I saw one of them on base and I got my nerve up and walked up to him and said, 'Listen, can you help me?' He said he'd introduce me to a civilian friend of his who worked on the base. The two of us went to the friend's house; I looked around and it dawned on me that there were three gay people in the room! I wasn't the only faggot in the world!"

With additional increments of nerve, Matlovich made it to the gay bar in Pensacola, where he saw hundreds of military homosexuals—men and women—dancing, touching, feeling fine together. "I was 30 and I not only was still a virgin, I had never held another person in my arms, never kissed another person since I was a child."

Matlovich sensed but did not articulate that he was moving with the gay liberation campaign. Like so many others, he was already on board that train and there was no getting off. Magazine articles appeared with stories about "coming out"; he somehow had missed them before. Friends started to talk about gay life; he had never heard such conversations. A special issue of *Family*, a weekly magazine published by *Army/Navy/Air Force Times*, was devoted to "Homosexuals in Uniform," and while an introductory editorial included an obligatory judgment that homosexuals should be kept out of the service, the article itself was always sensitive and positive about gay experiences in the military. It all had its effect on Matlovich.

Soon he was flying to Washington to talk with gay activist Kameny and a civil liberties lawyer, David Addlestone. The two of them were looking for the "perfect case" to test the constitutionality of the military's regulations against gays. Matlovich, obviously, was it.

It took him nine months to summon up the guts to do what he knew on that first night in the bar in Pensacola he had to do. He composed, revised and rewrote his coming out letter. On stationery from Addlestone's Lawyers Military Defense Committee he informed his commanding officers:

"After some years of uncertainty, I have arrived at the conclusion that my sexual preferences are homosexual . . . . I have also concluded that my sexual preferences will in no way interfere with my Air Force duties . . . ."

He held the letter for two weeks more, then one day in March stopped his boss, a black captain who runs Matlovich's section of the race relations instruction office.

"I have something to give you, but you'd better sit down," Matlovich told the captain. The officer remained standing. Behind him, over his desk, was a poster declaring: "I Don't Discriminate—I Hate Everybody."

"I mean it. You'd better sit down." The captain did not oblige. Matlovich handed him the letter.

"What is this?" the captain asked incredulously, after a quick read. He read it once again.

"What the hell does this mean?"

"It means," Matlovich said, staring straight ahead, "*Brown v. Board of Education*." The captain sat down.

"I was 30 and I was still a virgin," Matlovich recalls. "I had never held another person in my arms, never kissed another person since I was a child"

Matlovich v. Schlesinger (if it ever comes to that) may or may not be a landmark case in civil rights law. It is barely possible that Matlovich will be reinstated in the Air Force before his case makes it to the end of the judicial line. Even if he isn't, lawyer Addlestone is far from convinced that the Supreme Court could ever find a majority to vote against the Defense Department, should the case go before the justices. As likely as not, the job of forbidding discrimination against sexual minorities may have to be left to Congress—or to a military command that finally catches up with the newer values it now despises.

But at bottom, the contest between gay soldiers and the military is not simply a civil rights issue. If being gay were merely a matter of sexual preference, then it would be easy enough to establish a principle of official tolerance and be done with it. Mere sexual orientation is the way the cases must be framed, but both the military and gay people know that the "problem" of homosexuals in the service is not primarily a question of sex. Being a homosexual means being part of a special culture, with its specific manners, perspectives and values. That culture and all its attributes didn't "just grow" out of the blue, but has been formed from the special experiences of gay people. It is defensive, ghettoized and xenophobic. It has its own language and mores, as do the subcultures of all minorities forced by law or circumstance out of the mainstreams of life.

In that, the gay subculture is remarkably analogous to the black community or the new "counterculture" as they both exist within the military environment. The services have had an enormously difficult time adjusting to those alien units in the regular armies. Black consciousness was a real and present danger to the morale and good order of the military's mission in Indochina; in fact, the appearance of a black "movement" in the services that related to the politics of American black and Third World liberation in the 1960s was a factor in the defeat of that imperial mission.

From the very start, the existence of a minority subculture means that those who partake are more comfortable in the company of their fellows. It is true for gays no less than blacks or counterculture "freaks." The straight world is somehow tame, or lame, or irrelevant to their concerns and their style. Contemporary gay culture essentially denies the validity of much in the military order. Stripped of those attributes imposed by social discrimination and self-hate, gay consciousness disdains military machismo, downgrades regimentation, deplores insensitivity. And for its part, the military invalidates the specific cultural identity of every homosexual in its ranks.

"If we were gay, we wouldn't be in the Army, and we're in the Army, so we're not gay," a lesbian WAC said at Fort Devens. "The Army ignores us, or degrades us, or throws us out. They say we don't exist until they find us out, and then they don't *allow* us to exist."

The armed forces have in some ways accommodated the disruptive presence of blacks and freaks who would not adjust to the white, straight (in the older sense) military command. From the late '40s on, the services have committed themselves to a policy of racial desegregation that is still incomplete, but has gone farther than any other major public or private institution in the country to equalize the participation of blacks and whites within the ranks. Lately, policies to make service life more comfortable for the turned-on generations of the '60s and

'70s, and make the male-dominant military more accepting of women, have changed the character of the forces—and the minds of the troops.

The Defense Department's rules against homosexuals grow out of its unwillingness to accommodate another conflicting community. There are specific rationalizations, of course: At various times, the Pentagon claimed that homosexuality is "infectious," that it implies acts forbidden in the criminal codes of many jurisdictions, that it poses threats to security because of the possibility of blackmail, that it is sinful or pathological or just plain unnatural. Yet there is little to support such fears. Every psychosexual study shows that homosexuality cannot be "caught" like the mumps, and the American Psychiatric Association's declassification of homosexuality as a mental disorder removes a major cause for exclusion. The criminal codes are changing. Churchmen and other moral arbiters are revising their restrictions. And blackmail is a problem only if the military makes it so.

What's left is the real fear that the services would have to change if they accommodated gays, as they have changed to accommodate women, blacks and long-hairs. Whether from basic instinct or the insights gained in coming out, gay servicepeople are more inclined than straights to question the necessity of the most authoritarian aspects of the military. Homosexuals can of course be just as hell-for-leather as any straight macho Marine, but many gays in the service find that coming out dulls the hard edge of the killer instinct.

That is not to say that homosexuals have not, or cannot, make successful careers in armed service. Ancient military history, of course, is practically a gay chronicle. Greek armies were collections of homosexual comrades: "The reason why, before the battle of Thebes, the Spartans offered sacrifice to Eros," the historian Athenaeus wrote, "was that they were convinced that in the comradeship of a pair of friends, fighting side by side, lay safety and victory."

Eros was the god of sexual love; "friends" in that context were anything but Platonic. More romantic gay military lore can be found in the novels of Mary Renault, who has built an impressive library of books (*The Persian Boy, The Charioteer,* etc.) about homosexual affections in archaic armies and imperial courts. No one in the Macedonian military seemed scandalized by the Great Alexander's gay affairs.

The Greek ideal seems to have been abandoned over the centuries, but the practice certainly continued. There's a famous story in gay academic circles of the regiment of homosexuals the Germans formed in World War I. The soldiers had taken the option of hazardous duty rather than be discharged for their sexual preferences. The German High Command put them in the front line in the battle of the Marne, and they very nearly whipped the Allies, while the straight German divisions fell back in disarray.

What would it have been like if they did not have to *prove* that they were good soldiers? In the documentary film *The Sorrow and the Pity,* a British officer who completed all sorts of daring exploits behind enemy lines in France during World War II tells the interviewer that he did his derring-do because he was a homo-sex-u-al (he enunciates the syllables carefully) and thought to be less than "a man." Perhaps feelings like his motivate many gay men and women to join the armed forces. But the Army is not yet ready to let them prove their worth, nor will it encourage the idea that it may not be necessary for them to prove themselves according to the old strict standards of "manliness."

Under order from Congress or the courts, or under pressure from gays within its ranks and activists outside, the military will sooner or later decide that it must deviate from its straight and narrow policy of exclusion of homosexuals, and that it can no longer ignore the large gay population in its barracks. The size and importance of the military institution make that a crucial event in social history. And the special role of the services as a repository for values that are antithetical to sexual liberation means that the conflict will be sharp and the eventual changes far-reaching. The new action Army that emerges from that battle will not be an army of lovers, but it will not despise love in the way it does today. ●

Watson (left) and Randolph: proud of their top-secret clearance.

COLLAGE BY STEVE PHILLIPS

The media and the murder of John Kennedy

By Jerry Policoff

". . . It happens to be to our interest, as well as the interest of the Commission and of the country, to obtain as wide a distribution of this document as we can. . . ."

Letter from then-Assistant Managing Editor of the New York *Times*, Clifton Daniel, to J. Lee Rankin, Chief Counsel to the Warren Commission, dated May 21, 1964 (four months prior to the publication of the Warren Report)

It has been nearly 13 years since John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the 35th President of the United States, was felled by a hail of bullets as he rode through Dallas. The case was officially closed with the issuance of the Warren Commission's Report, which found that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone assassin. Those findings have recently come under renewed attack as the controversy has reemerged after a rather lengthy period of hibernation. Once again, charges of omission and distortion by commission detractors and similar counter-charges by commission defenders are filling the air, leaving many confused and befuddled.

In this atmosphere, one might expect the press to clarify the facts—to delve into the story, follow up the leads and unmask the cover-up, if one existed. Unfortunately, the story of the Kennedy assassination controversy is one of continuous government manipulation of a press that seems only too willing to be manipulated. With conspiracy rumors raging anew, the press shows few signs of change on this issue.

The press could learn a good deal about the assassination, and about its own failure to pursue the story independently, by reviewing its own initial reporting out of Dallas. Those early reports stand in stark contrast to what is officially alleged to have transpired. The infamous "grassy knoll," for example, was no concoction of the Warren Commission critics. "The shots apparently came from a grassy knoll in the area," reported the Associated Press in its initial dispatches.

Word of shots from the front dominated early reports from the site (witnesses interviewed by the press seemed to be nearly unanimous on this point), but these reports were forgotten by the press within several hours, as Dallas authorities began to make it clear that a local "communist" by the name of Lee Harvey Oswald had fired all of the shots from a sniper's nest constructed on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository to the rear of the presidential limousine.

Most Americans don't believe the Warren Commission's version of what happened in Dallas. But the press seems unwilling to pursue the truth independently

Leaked biographical data depicting the "erratic" nature of the "political malcontent" Oswald began to flood the media almost immediately. The word "alleged" contrasted starkly with the obvious assumption of Oswald's guilt. "Left Wing Lunacy, Not Right Is Suspect," wrote Stuart Loory in the New York *Herald Tribune;* "Career of Suspect Has Been Bizarre," headlined the New York *Times;* "The psychotic impulses that aided Lee Harvey Oswald. . . ," began a story in the New York *Journal American*; "Marksman Castro 'Red,' " was the title of Bob Considine's column distributed by the Hearst chain; "Assassin Named," blared the headline of the New York *Post.*

The following day the New York *Times* and St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* typified press coverage with these respective headlines: "Evidence Against Oswald Described as Conclusive" and "Dallas Police Insist Evidence Proves Oswald Killed Kennedy."

By the time Oswald himself was assassinated, all pretense had disappeared. The press had found Oswald guilty without benefit of trial. "President's Assassin Shot. . . ," proclaimed the New York *Times. Life* profiled the "Assassin: The Man Held—And Killed—For Murder." *Time*'s combination biography/obituary was titled simply "The Man Who Killed Kennedy."

Successive leaks from Dallas authorities, the FBI (whose report on the assassination was summarized in the press before it was received by the Warren Commission) and the Warren Commission itself continued to implicate Oswald as the sole perpetrator of a deranged act. The press, by its uncritical reporting, was allowing itself to be set up to the point at which official findings, regardless of what they might be, would have to be accepted, applauded and defended. Thus, the press' curiosity was not aroused when a 7.65 caliber German Mauser mutated into a 6.5 caliber Italian Mannlicher-Carcano; or when the grassy

COLLAGE BY STEVE PHILLIPS

knoll receded into oblivion; or when an entrance wound in the President's throat became an exit wound (first for a fragment from the head wound and then for a bullet from the back wound); or when a wound six inches below the President's shoulder became a wound at the base of the neck. The press was thereby weaving a web that would inevitably commit it to the official findings.

For some, the ultimate publication of those findings was anticlimactic. The New York *Times,* for example, published a Page 1 exclusive on June 1, 1964, by then-Supreme Court correspondent Anthony Lewis: "Panel To Reject Theories of Plot in Kennedy Death." The story amounted to a detailed preview of the Warren Report three months before the commission completed taking testimony and nearly four months before the report was released.

The release of the Warren Report on September 27, 1964, was greeted with near-unanimous praise by the press, led by the New York *Times,* which went to the enormous expense of publishing the entire report as a 48-page supplement to the September 28 editions. The *Times* also collaborated with The Book of the Month Club and Bantam Books to publish hard-bound and soft-cover editions of the Warren Report.

Two months later the New York *Times* followed the commission's release of the 26 supplemental volumes of hearings and exhibits by collaborating with McGraw-Hill and Bantam Books on *The Witnesses,* a book consisting of "highlights" from the hearings that was prepared by a "group of editors and reporters of the New York *Times.*" The selection and editing of testimony for this volume showed a clear understanding of that evidence which supported the Warren Commission findings and that which did not. Testimony that fit into the latter category was edited out in a manner that could hardly have been accidental. References to shots from the front, for example, were consistently edited out, as was the admission by one of the autopsy surgeons that he had burned his original notes. Deleted from the testimony of three Secret Service agents present at the autopsy was the description each gave of a wound approximately six inches below the shoulder—a description at significant variance with the official autopsy report, which located the wound at the base of the neck. Included in *The Witnesses* was the affidavit of Arnold Rowland to the FBI in which he stated that he had seen a man with a rifle on the sixth floor of the Depository before the assassination. Not included was his later testimony in which he told the Warren Commission that he had actually seen two men but that the FBI had told him to "forget it," and in which he stated his conviction that the shots had been fired from the railroad yards in front of the President.

In short, a volume purporting to be an objective condensation of relevant testimony compiled by America's "newspaper of record" was little more than deliberately slanted propaganda in support of the Warren Commission Report.

If the *Times* early handling of the Warren Report was less than professional, it was nevertheless commendable in contrast to that of the Luce publishing empire. *Life* magazine quickly cornered the market on one of the most important pieces of evidence, the Zapruder film, for which it paid $150,000 in $25,000 installments. The film was to become controversial because of its depiction of the fatal wounding of the President. When the fatal bullet strikes, Kennedy's head is rocketed violently backward and to the left. Critics of the Warren Report would contend that the film supported their contention that the shots had come from the grassy knoll, located to the right front of the presidential limousine.

Harrison Salisbury led a *Times* investigation with limited goals: "We will go over all the areas of doubt," he said, "and hope to eliminate them"

On the morning of November 25, 1963, the *Life* publisher, the late C.D. Jackson, first viewed the Zapruder film. At that time *Life* had purchased only print rights to the film. Richard Stolley, then Los Angeles bureau chief for *Life,* described the scene for *Esquire* magazine ten years later. Stolley described Jackson as "so upset by the head-wound sequence that he proposed the company obtain all rights to the film and withhold it from public viewing at least until emotions had calmed."

The November 29 issue of *Life* and the John F. Kennedy Memorial Issue published shortly thereafter contained several frames from the Zapruder film. The backward head snap was not among the sequences selected.

Within days of the assassination enough questions had arisen to provoke much of the European press into proclaiming conspiracy. Doctors at Parkland Hospital who had performed a tracheotomy upon the late President had described his throat wound as "apparently" one of entrance. How, they asked, did Oswald shoot the President from the front from behind? Eyewitnesses were nearly unanimous in describing the rapidity of the shots, but the rifle allegedly used in the shooting was an old World War II bolt-action model known for its sluggishness. And, of course, there were those consistent reports about police and bystanders converging upon the grassy knoll rather than upon the Book Depository.

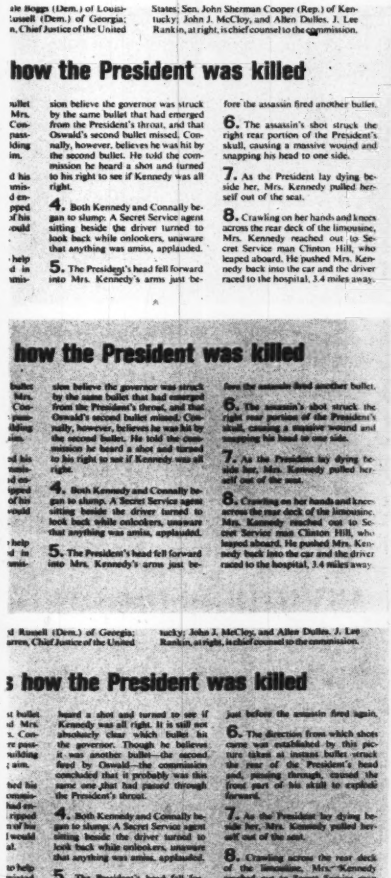
Such speculation presented no problem for *Life.* Both the memorial issue and the December 6, 1963, issue carried a page-length article by Paul Mandel. It was entitled "End of Nagging Rumors: The Six Critical Seconds" and explained that Oswald's rife *could* fire three shots rapidly enough. Mandel explained that because the film operated at 18 frames per second (it was actually 18.3) "it is possible to reconstruct the precise timing and placing and feasibility of the shots." He then described the film. The first shot, he said, hit the President in the throat. 4.1 seconds later, a second shot hits Governor John Connally, who was seated in front of the President. 2.7 seconds after that, the final bullet strikes the President's head. "Altogether," explained Mandel, "the three shots take 6.8 seconds. Time enough for a trained sharpshooter, even through the bobbing field of a telescopic sight." Mandel's description of the film placed the first Kennedy hit at a point just under one second *before* he temporarily disappears from the film as a road sign comes between Zapruder and the limousine. However, the film actually shows Kennedy smiling and waving at the crowd, seemingly unhit, as he disappears behind the sign. Similarly, Mandel's description of the Connally hit is contradicted in the film, for the hit he describes actually takes place nearly two seconds *earlier,* when Connally's shoulder collapses, his hair flies up and his face contorts in pain, leaving little doubt that he has been hit.

Jerry Policoff is a New York ad man who has devoted much of his spare time since 1966 to assassination research.

A matter of *Life* and death

Life devoted much of its October 2, 1964, issue to the newly released Warren Report. Rather than assigning one of its staff to evaluate the report, *Life* handed the assignment to a member of the Warren Commission, Gerald Ford.

Aside from employing a member of a government commission to review that commission's work for a supposedly objective feature news magazine, that issue of *Life* is intriguing for another reason. The issue underwent two major revisions after it first hit the stands, an enormously costly change that required breaking and resetting plates not once, but twice.



how the President was killed

ale Boggs (Dem.) of Louisi-
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n, Chief Justice of the United
States; Sen. John Sherman Cooper (Rep.) of Kentucky; John J. McCloy, and Allen Dulles. J. Lee Rankin, at right, is chief counsel to the commission.

how the President was killed

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4. Both Kennedy and Connally began to slump. A Secret Service agent sitting beside the driver turned to look back while onlookers, unaware that anything was amiss, applauded.

5. The President's head fell forward into Mrs. Kennedy's arms just before the assassin fired another bullet.

6. The assassin's shot struck the right rear portion of the President's skull, causing a massive wound and snapping his head to one side.

7. As the President lay dying beside her, Mrs. Kennedy pulled herself out of the seat.

8. Crawling on her hands and knees across the rear deck of the limousine, Mrs. Kennedy reached out to Secret Service man Clinton Hill, who leaped aboard. He pushed Mrs. Kennedy back into the car and the driver raced to the hospital, 3.4 miles away.

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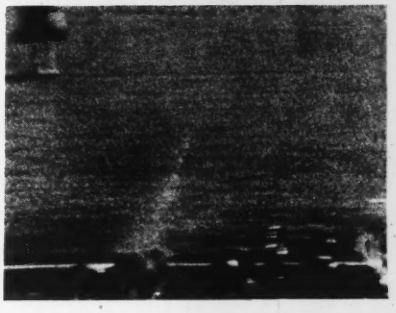

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s how the President was killed

heard a shot and turned to see if Kennedy was all right. It is still not absolutely clear which bullet hit the governor. Though he believes it was another bullet—the second fired by Oswald—the commission concluded that it probably was this same one shot had passed through the President's throat.

4. Both Kennedy and Connally began to slump. A Secret Service agent sitting beside the driver turned to look back while onlookers, unaware that anything was amiss, applauded.

5. The President's head fell forward into Mrs. Kennedy's arms just before the assassin fired again.

6. The direction from which shots came was established by this picture taken at instant bullet struck the rear of the President's head and, passing through, caused the front part of his skull to explode forward.

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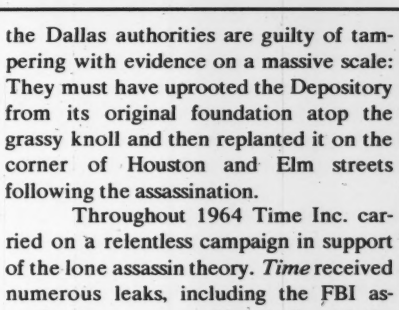
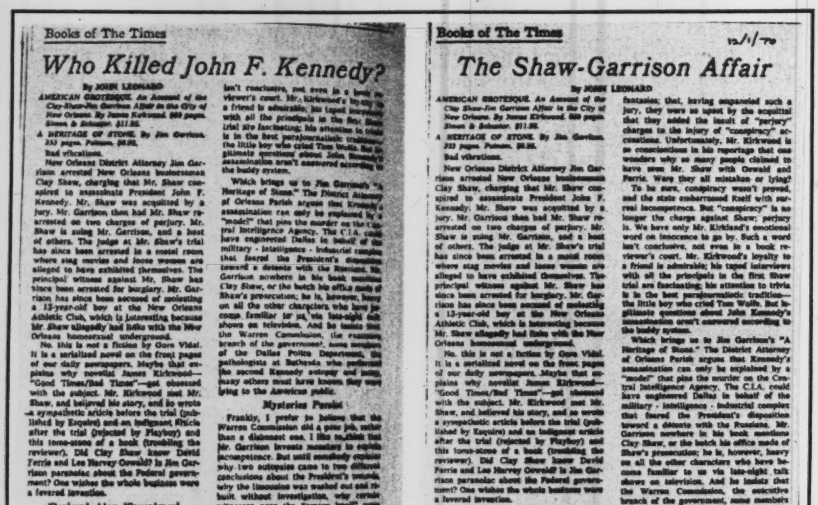


That issue of *Life* was illustrated with eight frames from the Zapruder film along with descriptive captions. The sixth slide in the original sequence was frame 323, which showed the President slumped back against the seat a half second after his head had been struck by a bullet. The caption read: "The assassin's shot struck the right rear portion of the President's skull, causing a massive wound and snapping his head to one side" (top left). This description was in seeming contradiction to the Warren Commission findings that the shot had come from the rear. That version of the October 2 issue was quickly withdrawn and replaced by a second version in which frame 313, the frame in which the President's head explodes, was substituted for frame 323. Although this frame gave no hint of the direction in which the President's head was thrown, the caption still described the movement "to one side" (center). Thus a third version replaced the second. This time the caption accompanying frame 313 read: "The direction from which shots came was established by this picture taken at instant bullet struck the rear of the President's head and, passing through, caused the front part of his skull to explode forward" (bottom left).

The changes in this issue of *Life* were brought to the attention of Ed Kearns, a *Life* editor, two years later by Vincent Salandria, a Philadelphia attorney and then an active Warren Commission critic. Kearns replied: "I am at a loss to explain the discrepancies between the three versions of LIFE which you cite. I've heard of breaking a plate to correct an error. I've never heard of doing it twice for a single issue, much less a single story. Nobody here seems to remember who worked on the early Kennedy story. . . ."

Mandel's description unequivocally affirmed that Oswald's rifle was capable of having fired the shots. The only problem was that his description was an outright fabrication, a blatant misrepresentation of what the Zapruder film (to which *Life* owned exclusive rights) revealed. What about that entrance wound in the throat? As viewed through the eyes of Mandel, the Zapruder film also answered that mystery, for it "shows the President turning his body far around to the right as he waves to someone in the crowd. His throat is exposed to the sniper's nest just before he clutches it." If Kennedy had his throat exposed to a sniper's nest in the Depository as Mandel and *Life* alleged, the Dallas authorities are guilty of tampering with evidence on a massive scale: They must have uprooted the Depository from its original foundation atop the grassy knoll and then replanted it on the corner of Houston and Elm streets following the assassination.

Throughout 1964 Time Inc. carried on a relentless campaign in support of the lone assassin theory. *Time* received numerous leaks, including the FBI assassination report, which indicated the location of the back wound *before* it was apparently altered ("the first bullet had struck Kennedy in the back, some six inches below the collar line. . . "). *Life* purchased North American rights to the famous photograph of Oswald holding the alleged murder rifle with the revolver allegedly used to kill Officer Tippit holstered at his side and two leftist newspapers clutched in his other hand (one of two similar photographs allegedly taken seconds apart). Researchers have since offered persuasive evidence that the photographs are fakes—Oswald's face superimposed upon someone else's body above the chin. *Life*, however, was not looking for any such sinister plot. The February 21 issue featured the photograph on the cover with the caption "Lee Oswald with the Weapons He Used To Kill President Kennedy and Officer Tippit." The feature article in that issue was



Books of The Times

Who Killed John F. Kennedy?

By JOHN LEONARD

AMERICAN GROTESQUE. An Account of the Clay Shaw-Jim Garrison Affair in the City of New Orleans. By James Kirkwood. 480 pages. Simon & Schuster. $11.95.

A HERITAGE OF STONE. By Jim Garrison. 353 pages. Putnam. $6.95.

Bad vibrations.

New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison arrested New Orleans businessman Clay Shaw, charging that Mr. Shaw conspired to assassinate President John F. Kennedy. Mr. Shaw was acquitted by a jury. Mr. Garrison then had Mr. Shaw rearrested on two charges of perjury. Mr. Shaw is suing Mr. Garrison, and a host of others. The judge at Mr. Shaw's trial has since been arrested in a motel room where stag movies and loose women are alleged to have exhibited themselves. The principal witness against Mr. Shaw has since been arrested for burglary. Mr. Garrison has since been accused of molesting a 13-year-old boy at the New Orleans Athletic Club, which is interesting because Mr. Shaw allegedly had links with the New Orleans homosexual underground.

No, this is not a fiction by Gore Vidal. It is a serialized novel on the front pages of our daily newspapers. Maybe that explains why novelist James Kirkwood—"Good Times/Bad Times"—got obsessed with the subject. Mr. Kirkwood met Mr. Shaw, and believed his story, and so wrote a sympathetic article before the trial (published by Esquire) and an indignant article after the trial (rejected by Playboy) and this tome-some of a book (troubling the reviewer). Did Clay Shaw know David Ferrie and Lee Harvey Oswald? Is Jim Garrison paranoiac about the Federal government? One wishes the whole business were a fevered invention.

'Perjury' Atop 'Conspiracy'

It isn't. Mr. Kirkwood argues in "American Grotesque" that Jim Garrison used Clay Shaw to try the Warren Commission report; that Garrison scraped the bottom of the barrel for variously sick and variously intimidated witnesses to smear Shaw; that Garrison's guerrillas sought a jury of sub-par intelligence to bemuse with bloody fantasies; that, having empaneled such a jury, they were so upset by the acquittal that they added the insult of "perjury" charges to the injury of "conspiracy" accusations. Unfortunately, Mr. Kirkwood is so conscientious in his reportage that one wonders why so many people claimed to have seen Mr. Shaw with Oswald and Ferrie. Were they all mistaken or lying?

To be sure, conspiracy wasn't proved, and the state embarrassed itself with surreal incompetence. But "conspiracy" is no longer the charge against Shaw; perjury isn't conclusive, not even in a book reviewer's court. Mr. Kirkwood's loyalty to a friend is admirable; his taped interviews with all the principals in the first Shaw trial are fascinating; his attention to trivia is in the best parajournalistic tradition—the little boy who cried Tom Wolfe. But legitimate questions about John Kennedy's assassination aren't answered according to the buddy system.

Which brings us to Jim Garrison's "A Heritage of Stone." The District Attorney of Orleans Parish argues that Kennedy's assassination can only be explained by a "model" that pins the murder on the Central Intelligence Agency, the C.I.A. could have engineered Dallas in behalf of the military - intelligence - industrial complex that feared the President's detente toward a détente with the Russians. Mr. Garrison nowhere in his book mentions Clay Shaw, or the hoots in office during Shaw's prosecution; he is, however, heavy on all the other characters who have become familiar to us via late-night talk shows on television. And he insists that the Warren Commission, the executive branch of the government, some members of the Dallas Police Department, the pathologists at Bethesda who performed the second Kennedy autopsy and many, many others must have known they were lying to the American public.

Mysteries Persist

Frankly, I prefer to believe that the Warren Commission did a good job, rather than a dishonest one. I like to think that Mr. Garrison invests monsters to explain incompetence. But until someone explains why two autopsies came to two different conclusions about the President's wounds, why the limousine was washed out and rebuilt without investigation, why certain witnesses near the "grassy knoll" were never asked to testify before the Commission, why we were all so eager to buy Oswald's brilliant marksmanship in split seconds, why no one inquired into Jack Ruby's relations with a staggering variety of strange people, why a "lone" nut should always had friends and could always get a passport—who can blame the Garrison guerrillas for existing?

Something stinks about this whole affair. "A Heritage of Stone" remains the practitioner, the recipe is an unsparing of our doubts about the official version of what happened. (Would then-Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy have closed his brother's murder file closed? Was John Kennedy quite so liberated from cold war cliches as Mr. Garrison maintains?) But the stench is there, and refuses to melt away. Why were Kennedy's staff organs not assisted at Bethesda for autopsy of a head wound? Why was his body whisked away

Books of The Times

12/1/70

The Shaw-Garrison Affair

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New Books

The New York Times Book Review for December 1, 1970, was edited between editions to remove the reviewer's expressions of doubt about the Warren Report.

entitled "Oswald: Evolution of an Assassin."

Time countered growing rumors of conspiracy in Europe with an article in its June 12 issue: "J.F.K.: The Murder and the Myths." *Time* blamed the speculation upon "leftist" writers and publications seeking a "rightist conspiracy," and proceeded to characterize the culprits as "that sometime philosopher" Bertrand Russell; American expatriate Thomas Buchanin "fired by the Washington Star in 1948 after he admitted membership in the Communist party"; and the "wind-mill tilting" Mark Lane, who had recently "received smash play in the Eastern European press."

By late 1966 the Kennedy assassination became a major issue as Gallup and Harris polls revealed that few Americans were satisfied that the truth was known and Mark Lane's critical book *Rush to Judgment* climbed to the top of the best seller list. Such pillars of the establishment as *The London Times,* former Kennedy aides Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Richard Goodwin, *The Saturday Evening Post,* the Vatican newspaper *L'Osservatore,* William F. Buckley, Walter Lippmann, Cardinal Cushing and The American Academy of Forensic Sciences began to call for a reopening of the case.

Under this setting, the New York *Times* quietly undertook an investigation of its own in early November 1966 under the direction of Harrison Salisbury, who had recently called for a new investigation in the pages of *Progressive* magazine, acknowledging that questions of major importance remained unanswered. Salisbury, an early ardent defender of the Warren Report, clarified his limited objectives in *Newsweek:* "We will go over all the areas of doubt," he said, "and hope to eliminate them."

Later that month the *Times,* in a carefully worded editorial, "Unanswered Questions," called for an end to official silence, saying that thoughtful citizens had articulated enough solid doubts to require official answers.

Rather than attempting to answer those questions itself, however, the *Times* investigation ended as abruptly as it began. It was "temporarily" suspended in December, when Salisbury received permission to visit Hanoi. It was never completed—nor would the New York *Times* ever again question the findings of the Warren Commission. Some added perspective into the *Times* inquiry was provided recently by the *Times* Houston bureau chief, Martin Waldron, in an interview with *Rolling Stone.* Waldron, a member of the 1966 team, said that he and others came up with "a lot of unanswered questions" that the *Times* didn't bother to pursue. "I'd be off on a good lead and then somebody'd call me off and send me out to California on another story or something. We never really detached anyone for this. We weren't really serious."

The *Times* return to the fold is amply illustrated by its relationship with David W. Belin, a junior counsel for the Warren Commission who recently has gained a degree of prominence as executive director for the Rockefeller Commission on the CIA.

The story of Belin and the *Times* begins in August 1971, when an article by Warren Commission critic Sylvia Meagher implicating Belin in subornation of perjury appeared in *The Texas Observer,* a liberal Texas weekly with a small but influential national circulation. Meagher's 1967 book, *Accessories After the Fact,* is generally considered by those familiar with Kennedy assassination literature to be the most scholarly, objective and definitive critique of the Warren Report.

Meagher took Belin to task for his treatment of the testimony of an Oswald co-worker named Charles Givens. In a deposition taken by Belin, Givens testified that he had left the sixth floor of the Depository at about 11:30 a.m. on the day of the assassination, but that he had forgot-

The press, by its uncritical reporting, was allowing itself to be set up to the point at which official findings, regardless of what they might be, would have to be accepted and defended

ten his cigarettes and returned about 15 minutes later to retrieve them. There, on an otherwise empty sixth floor, he encountered Oswald. Belin did not challenge Givens' testimony and it was given great weight by the Warren Commission in its efforts to establish Oswald's presence on the sixth floor during the period leading up to the assassination.

But on the day of the assassination, Meagher pointed out, Givens had told authorities that he had last seen Oswald on the *first* floor of the Depository reading a newspaper. Neither then nor in

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subsequent affidavits prior to his Warren Commission testimony had Givens ever mentioned a sixth floor encounter. However, a document found in the National Archives by Mrs. Meagher placed Givens' later testimony in a rather sinister light. The document, an FBI report, quoted Lt. Jack Revill of the Dallas Police Department to the effect that Givens, who had once been arrested on a marijuana charge, "would probably change his testimony for money."

Belin replied in the same issue of the *Observer;* he ignored the charges while viciously attacking the "assassination sensationalists" and proclaiming his own integrity. The *Observer,* in an editorial, branded this "the slick irrelevant reply of a lawyer who doesn't have much of a defense to present."

Meagher sent a copy of the Belin exchange to several media people including Harrison Salisbury, who was then editor of the *Times* Op-Ed page. The result: On November 22, 1971, the eighth anniversary of the assassination, the *Times* Op-Ed page featured a condensed version of Belin's *Texas Observer* attack upon the critics of the Warren Report. "The Warren Commission Was Right," proclaimed the headline.

An angry letter from Sylvia Meagher to the Op-Ed page received a form card reply. An angrier letter to Salisbury received the following verbatim reply from Salisbury: "Do forgive the form card which went back to you. That was a product of our bureaucracy, I'm afraid. I hadn't seen your letter, alas, having been out of the office for a few days."

Belin, in his foray against the critics, had threatened to write a book that would answer the wild charges once and for all. In 1973 Quadrangle Books, the publishing company of the New York *Times,* published *November 22, 1963: You Are The Jury,* by David W. Belin. Harrison Salisbury provided a laudatory introduction, and Belin, for his part, expressed special thanks to Salisbury, "who was the catalyst in my undertaking to write this book."

It is difficult to understand why the *Times* published this work, for it is literally little more than a rewrite of the Warren Report accompanied by excerpts of testimony from the 26 volumes. The "definitive" reply to the critics addresses only two of them; Sylvia Meagher is not even relegated to footnote status. The testimony of Charles Givens is cited as if its veracity had never been challenged. Predictably, the book sold few copies.

Belin's book was reviewed in *The New York Times Book Review* on November 18, 1973, by George and Priscilla

Tunnel vision at CBS

Early this year CBS completed negotiations with President Ford for the rights to his book *Portrait of the Assassin.* Ford's book, written immediately following his tenure on the Warren Commission, was based on the commission's conclusion that Lee Oswald acted alone in murdering the President. Sources say the network intends to produce a documentary based on the book but has acceded to Ford's insistence that it wait until after the 1976 presidential election before airing any material derived from the book.

Revisionists within the network were incensed upon learning of the CBS decision, feeling that the network should not continue to view the assassination from only one perspective. Many Warren Commission critics continue to blast CBS for a series of specials defending the commission's work. Those specials, aired in 1967, were produced by Les Midgley and anchored by Dan Rather.

Staff members connected with the award-winning CBS public affairs program *60 Minutes* began this spring to investigate the possibility of producing a counter-program based on independent investigation. It was hoped that the program would not only diminish the *Portrait of the Assassin* documentary but would also serve as a coup for correspondent Mike Wallace, long considered a maverick by the CBS hierarchy. In April the producers of *60 Minutes* began active consideration of a segment entitled "The Oswald-Ruby Connection." The segment was to be the first hour-long, one-subject treatment in the program's history.

On April 22 producer Harry Moses and CBS researcher Harriet Rubin started a cross-country, fact-finding trip which took them to both coasts and in one instance even out of the country. A basic problem in the pair's approach was they were committed to proving a connection between the assassin and the assassin's assassin,and tended to disregard any evidence not related to that premise even if the evidence they discovered also contradicted the research of the Warren Commission.

By May 15, the project had moved from the front burner to the back, and producer Moses had been assigned to another project. Moses said in defense of *60 Minutes* that the program was in effect scrapped because he was unable to produce "anything that was airable." Moses later released a formal statement:

"In April of this year, due to the current spate of publicity surrounding the assassination of John F. Kennedy, '60 Minutes' began to investigate various conspiracy theories. As you know, the general thrust of all these theories is that the Warren Commission's characterization of Lee Harvey Oswald as a lone Marxist assassin was incorrect and that Oswald was part of a plot to kill the President that day in Dallas. '60 Minutes' spent approximately two months in research and although we were able to uncover some new information about Oswald, we found no hard evidence whatsoever which could prove that Oswald was a figure in a conspiracy plan. Because of this and our own time limitations (we go off the air in September for four months), '60 Minutes' decided to stop researching the story. We have turned over what information we have found to another production unit at CBS News. . . ."

Researcher Rubin stayed on the project, however, and was in Washington when CBS issued another press release in mid-May. The network revealed that it now planned a two-hour special in the fall on the assassinations of the Kennedy brothers and Martin Luther King and the attempted assassination of George Wallace. Rubin was ordered soon thereafter to turn over all her research—66 pages of material that either contradicted or at least raised questions about the Warren Commission's findings—to the team assigned to produce the specials.

But Rubin has no real hope that her research will be used by the project team, since it is controlled by the same people responsible for the network's 1967 whitewash of the Warren Report—producer Les Midgley and reporter Dan Rather.

—Allen Stone

McMillan, a remarkable choice of reviewers. George McMillan, who is writing a biography of James Earl Ray that is yet to be completed seven years after its undertaking, told the *Times* in a 1969 interview: "This guy is a loner." "I have never investigated any aspect of conspiracy," he said, "which left me free to work on his biography." George's wife, Priscilla, has long been one of the most vocal and intriguing defenders of the Warren Report. As Moscow correspondent for The North American Newspaper Alliance, she had interviewed a young defector in 1959—Lee Harvey Oswald. She filed no story on her interview, but she did deliver her notes to the American Consul, at whose request she had conducted the interview. Following the CIA-engineered defection of Svetlana Alliluyeva to the United States, it was Priscilla McMillan who translated her book. An unpublished Warren Commission document includes her name among "employees of the State Department" who had contacted Oswald in Moscow. On the day of the assassination, she filed a story with the Boston *Globe*, "The Stuff of Which Fanatics Are Made." This and other articles in *Harper's* and *The Christian Science Monitor* published in the weeks and months following the assassination were widely quoted and helped bolster the public image of a hapless fanatic who had murdered the President. Still later, Priscilla became a confidant of Marina Oswald and was designated her official biographer (like her husband's, the book is unfinished after 11 years). Nor was Priscilla any stranger to the *Times*. Her Freudian pieces on Oswald had twice graced the Op-Ed page. Four days after the Belin review, she informed *Times* readers that the reason people cling to conspiracy theories is that Oswald had committed symbolic patricide and since we all subconsciously want to kill our fathers we believe in conspiracy "as a defense, a screen, a barrier, against having to hold those feelings in ourselves."

Between early and late editions, the title of the review changed from "Who Killed John F. Kennedy" to "The Shaw-Garrison Affair"

But the best illustration of *Times* policy involves another book review that dared to be critical of the Warren Report. Between early and late editions the title of the review changed from "Who Killed John F. Kennedy?" to "The Shaw-Garrison Affair." A paragraph headed "MYSTERIES PERSIST" vanished, along with the last 30 lines of the review, which were critical of the official version of events. Readers of the *Times* were thus spared the confusing and disquieting questions of a reviewer who did not, apparently, know better. That reviewer, John Leonard, later became editor of *The New York Times Book Review*, where he continued the *Times* policy of selecting hostile reviewers for conspiracy books.

The 1966 flood of criticism aimed at the Warren Report also left its mark at *Life*. As the controversy grew, Richard Billings, then *Life*'s associate editor in charge of investigative reporting, assigned his staff to look into controversial aspects of the Kennedy case. The objective was to produce several articles on the Warren controversy.

On November 25, 1966, what was to be the first article of the series appeared. The cover of *Life* carried a frame from the Zapruder film with the caption: "Did Oswald Act Alone? A Matter of Reasonable Doubt." Billings and his staff examined the single bullet theory: The Warren Commission had theorized that one bullet had inflicted both of Kennedy's non-fatal wounds and had gone on to inflict each of the five wounds suffered by Connally (including shattering a rib and a wrist) while emerging virtually unscathed. The bullet in question had been discovered on a stretcher by an orderly at Parkland Hospital. Although the commission had alleged otherwise, the single bullet theory was absolutely essential to the lone assassin theory because the rifle allegedly used by Oswald had been proved incapable of firing two shots rapidly enough to hit both men.

Life concluded, based upon its examination of the Zapruder film, that the single bullet theory was wrong and that the lone assassin theory was thus in doubt. A *Life* editorial called for a new investigation.

Time magazine's November 25 issue, on the other hand, editorially attacked the "phantasmagoria" and concluded that "there seems little valid excuse for so dramatic a development as another full-scale inquiry."

Questioned about the conflicting editorial postures, Hedley Donovan, editor-in-chief of both *Time* and *Life*,

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said: "Time and Life agree that valid doubts and discussions about the Warren Report will continue. Life advocated a new special investigation, while Time questioned whether a full-scale inquiry would achieve anything without new evidence. We would like to see our magazines arrive at consistent positions on major issues, and I am sure in due course we will on this one."

Due course was not long in coming. In January Billings was told by a superior, "It is not *Life*'s function to investigate the Kennedy assassination." The first article on the Kennedy case became the last, and the investigation by Billings' staff was terminated. After that, neither *Time* nor *Life* again questioned or criticized the Warren Report.

For all their efforts, the New York *Times* and Time Inc. could not approach CBS' performance in a four-part documentary, *The Warren Report*, broadcast in June 1967. The documentary was produced by Les Midgely and reported by Walter Cronkite, Dan Rather and Eddie Barker, news director for CBS' Dallas affiliate, KRLD. This same quartet had collaborated on a two-hour special broadcast on the eve of the release of the Warren Report—a program that had echoed the rest of the media in heaping praise upon the Warren Commission.

CBS designed spurious tests to support the Warren Report. When these loaded tests disproved the report, they were interpreted to support it anyway. Eleven master marksmen were supplied with a rifle capable of firing faster than Oswald's, were allowed to practice with the rifle and then fired 37 firing runs of three shots each at a target simulating the President. CBS eliminated 17 of these runs "because of trouble with the rifle," which actually meant that the marksman took more than 7.5 seconds to get off three shots. The average for the remaining firing runs was identical to the *maximum* time available to Oswald, a poor marksman who owned a slower gun. CBS' masters averaged only 1.2 hits compared to Oswald's two hits. Cronkite's conclusion: "It seems reasonable to say that an expert could fire that rifle in five seconds. It seems equally reasonable to say that Oswald, under normal circumstances would take longer. But these were not normal circumstances. Oswald was shooting at a President."

To clear up the location of the back wound, CBS called upon Commander Humes, the pathologist who had directed the autopsy and had subsequently burned his notes. Humes confirmed for CBS that the wound was indeed in the neck (indicating that three Secret Service agents, a Dallas motorcycle policeman and two FBI agents were all mistaken about the location of the wound below the shoulder, as were the President's shirt and jacket, which displayed holes 5½ inches below the collar).

To test the single bullet theory, CBS called upon the same "expert" utilized by the Warren Commission (and more recently by the Rockefeller Commission). Blocks of gelatin and masonite were set up to simulate most, but not all, of the tissue and bone supposedly traversed by the missile. (Connally's rib, which was shattered and would have slowed the bullet down considerably, was *not* simulated.) None of the bullets test-fired into the gelatin was able to do what the Warren Commission's magic bullet had done, but CBS said that it would have taken "very little more velocity." CBS thus interpreted this test as proving "that a single bullet could indeed have wounded both men." Using these and other equally dubious tests, CBS concluded that "Oswald was the sole assassin."

Under normal circumstances, Cronkite conceded, Oswald couldn't have fired the rifle rapidly enough. "But these were not normal circumstances," he said. "Oswald was shooting at a President"

Robert Richter, formerly a producer for *CBS Reports* and an associate producer on the Warren Commission project, was dismayed by what had finally appeared on the air. "From the material gathered for the program," he told me, "someone could have taken the same raw footage and utilized the same tests, chosen different excerpts from the same interviews, and given the audience a completely different, more objective impression of what the facts added up to."

A new CBS look at the assassination, involving essentially the same cast, is in the works (see box on page 34).

After an eight-year hiatus, the controversy over the Warren Report is as strong as ever, spurred by Robert Groden's clear copy of the Zapruder film (which has been shown twice on national television) and by the release of two transcripts of Warren Commission executive sessions (thanks to freedom of information suits by Harold Weisberg and Paul Hoch) which clearly show that both the FBI and Warren Commission investigations functioned as cover-ups.

Yet the press (with a few exceptions) has shown little interest in pursuing the case. The Washington *Post*, which has largely ignored the revival of the conspiracy issue as a news story, published a typically Freudian piece by Priscilla McMillan on its May 4 editorial page. The Washington *Star* on June 28 came out against a reopening of the case, asserting that there were no major questions that remain unanswered. The Boston *Globe* on June 29 featured a lengthy article debunking conspiracy theories.

Newsweek, rushing forth to defend the Warren Report in its April 24, 1975, issue, characterized the critics as "an odd-lot assortment of skeptics and ideologues, rationalists and fantasists," to whom "supposition is elevated into fact; accident becomes criminal design; evidence is accepted on faith if it fits a conspiracy theory and rejected as manufactured if it does not. . . ." The article called upon an obscure, never-published, highly conjectural study by a former assistant professor of physics at UCLA to support the lone assassin from the rear theory. *Newsweek* felt it unnecessary to inform its readers that the study had originally been prepared for Wesley Liebeler, a Warren Commission lawyer, or that Wesley Liebeler had supplied them with the study. John J. Lindsay, co-author of the piece, saw nothing wrong in protecting his source. "I don't care if the goddamn thing flew in here on a dirigible as long as its valid," he told me.

I. F. Stone, a rabid defender of the Warren Report during the earlier airing of the controversy, continues to characterize the critics as "paranoids," while Seymour Hersh refuses to take conspiracy theories seriously, likening them to flying saucer stories.

The Kennedy assassination cover-up has survived so long only because the press, confronted with the choice of believing what it was told or examining the facts independently, chose the former. Unless and until the press repudiates that choice, it is unlikely that we shall ever know the truth.●

Lethal smokescreen

By Dan Berger

On January 30, 1974, Pan American World Airways Boeing 707, Flight 806, from Auckland, New Zealand, approached Pago Pago International Airport in a vicious rain squall. The jet, carrying 101 persons, came in too low, the crew failing to notice the steep descent of the craft. The plane made contact with the ground 3,865 feet short of the runway, shearing off the tops of palm trees as it dove to the soggy earth. After a rolling, bucking 800-foot ride through the jungle, the jet came to rest against a three-foot-high lava rock wall. When the plane was at last still, the cabin was intact and not one passenger had suffered a traumatic injury.

But within a few minutes, 97 of them were dead. Investigators later said all died of smoke inhalation from the fire that engulfed the craft. A shock, then, to families of the victims when they read the opening statement in the National Transportation Safety Board's report on the accident: "This was a survivable accident."

Four people got out of the plane alive—attorney Roger Cann of Auckland, N.Z.; his wife, Heather; Charles Culberson, an oceanographic researcher from Oregon; and Dick Smith of Scottsdale, Ariz. All escaped from an overwing exit in spite of thick and deadly smoke.

Smith, perhaps the first passenger to realize the plane was crashing, had spent 33 years in the Air Force and had gone through various survival schools. He was head coach of the United States Olympic diving team and head diving coach at Arizona State University and, at age 58, was in remarkable physical condition.

When the plane jolted to a stop, Smith unbuckled and headed for the nearest exit. He moved to the right overwing exit, grabbed the handle and ripped it open. "I told myself I wasn't going to panic like those others—all running to the front of the plane. But a blast of flame hit me in the face when I opened that door and I knew that was no way out, so I closed the door and looked for another one."

In the last decade, hundreds of airplane passengers have died in "survivable" crashes. Unless the FAA safety rules change, hundreds more will probably follow

Then Smith took a deep breath and was knocked to his knees. "Never in my life. . . whatever it was, those fumes and smoke hit me. Well, I could have quit like those other people because it was one of the most tremendous, powerful feelings I've ever had in my life for being grabbed like that. I got down low and took another breath and that time I was determined to hold it three or four minutes if I had to. I'm in pretty good shape and I can hold my breath for a long time."

The 5 foot 6 Smith crawled a few feet, made his way across the aisle and opened the left overwing exit. His face was singed by flame but Smith didn't hesitate. He leaped foward with both hands out in front, like a bad belly flop, and landed on the red-hot wing. Seconds later he was crawling through the wet jungle to the safety of a palm tree, to be joined moments later by the Canns and Culberson.

More than 90 of the 97 who died were found near the front and rear door exits that didn't open. They had no time to reach the overwing exits because of the choking smoke and scorching flames. The flames must have terrified them, but it was the smoke that posed the greater danger. Since 1961, when the first of the major survivable crashes were investigated, more than 300 persons have lost their lives as a direct or indirect result of breathing deadly fumes.

Last month's brutal Eastern Airlines crash at Kennedy International Airport revived another long-standing controversy about airplane safety: cabin seats that face the rear of the plane. In this case, according to New York's Deputy Chief Medical Examiner Michael Braden, the velocity of the jet at impact killed most of the 110 people who died in the crash. If the passengers had been facing the rear, they would not have been so violently thrust forward—thereby avoiding such fatal injuries as internal bleeding, skull fractures and broken necks—and more lives might have been saved. Seconds later, however, the craft caught fire and poisonous smoke poured out. Whoever had survived the enormous shock of impact might well have been done in by the lethal fumes anyway.

The first major crash that brought smoke deaths to the attention of the public occurred Nov. 11, 1965, when a United Air Lines Boeing 727 crash-

Dan Berger reports for the Associated Press in Los Angeles.

landed at Salt Lake City and remained intact. The carbon monoxide and hydrogen cyanide gas produced by the burning of the cabin interior caused the deaths of 43 of the 91 passengers. The industry and federal officials were upset and pressured by the news media as well as by numerous lawsuits. A series of investigations ensued into cabin interiors, design, the search for new types of polymers and better escape systems.

But in the intervening years, no substantive moves have been taken to solve the problem. Indeed, the type of smoke now produced by burning airplane interiors may be even more noxious than that which was produced by the burning United jet at Salt Lake City.

When the Federal Aviation Administration, the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) and airplane manufacturers started investigating the problems of smoke in the mid-1960s, their first thoughts were on flame: stop the flame and you stop the smoke, they reasoned. So a great deal of time and money was spent producing chemical additives that would make the polymers used for carpets, drapes and seat cushions flame-resistant. It all worked quite well in the controlled conditions of the laboratory; when a match was applied to the treated materials, the flame-resistant chemicals did not burn. Most would smolder or melt and then help to extinguish the flames.

But a new problem arose: materials treated with flame-retardant chemicals produced more copious and more noxious smoke and fumes than if the material hadn't been treated at all.

The foot-dragging of the Federal Aviation Association in this matter has been attacked by such governmental agencies as the National Transportation Safety Board and by the Aviation Consumer Action Project, a Ralph Nader-sponsored group. It's not that the FAA is unaware of the problem: The FAA's own Civil Aeromedical Institute in Oklahoma City has been investigating smoke-caused deaths since 1966. But major changes in airplane design, both inside and out, rarely happen rapidly, a fact perhaps best explained by an attorney who has handled a number of air-related

Studies prove a single breath of polymer smoke could kill; at best it would disorient a passenger, make his head wobbly and his eyes swim

accident cases: "Hell, the FAA and the industry are in bed with each other. No one's going to do anything drastic—anything that'll cost too much money."

In an interview with then-FAA Administrator Alexander Butterfield, he was asked about adding a particular safety device to airplanes: Shouldn't it be made mandatory by the FAA? His response: ". . . in promulgating a rule which is going to affect everyone, that's going to force everyone to buy. . . a relatively expensive instrument—although that instrument is probably going to save some lives—I just have to say we have to be very careful about our evaluation." Foot-dragging, some call it; others call it conflict of interest.

Expense is apparently not the only criteria the FAA has used in determining that safety equipment should not be carried aboard commercial aircraft. A variety of smoke hoods, bag-type gadgets that passengers could place on their heads in case of smoke, have been tested; all are rather easy to use, not expensive and seem to work. On Jan. 11, 1969, the FAA published a Notice of Proposed Rule Making, saying it was "considering amending. . . Federal Aviation Regulations to require that protective smoke hoods be carried on all [commercial] airplanes. . . ." The FAA's Civil Aeromedical Institute had done an intense investigation into the smoke hood in 1967. It had determined that the smoke hoods were of great value and could be employed on aircraft as standard equipment similar to oxygen masks.

But on Aug. 18, 1970, the FAA withdrew its notice of proposed rule making. The new statement said, "The FAA believes that the use of currently designed smoke hoods might delay emergency evacuation to an unacceptable degree. In addition, in the light of many comments received from representatives of the aviation industry, and other interested persons who support this view, the FAA has concluded that the proposed regulatory action is not justified at this time."

Chuck Miller, former head of the Bureau of Aviation Safety for the NTSB, said he remembers the controversy that surrounded the proposal of smoke hood legislation. He said the FAA had a number of people in favor of it and an almost equal number opposed, and he implied that the airlines put fierce pressure on the FAA to reject the plan. Their rationale: Having a smoke hood on board is an admission to the passenger that a crash is possible.

Not everyone has stood idly by as the FAA has seemingly pandered to the airlines' interests in the toxic smoke controversy. The NTSB, an independent agency with no authority to make regulations, has constantly prodded the FAA to act on its recommendations. Charles Miller, who headed the NTSB's bureau of aviation safety until he took "early retirement" last Sept. 4, made fire and smoke research his pet project. "We thought more could be done in the prevention of fires," he says. "The technology is there and it hasn't been exploited."

The airline industry, which contributed heavily to the Nixon presidential

The Big Seven

Here are the seven major survivable crashes of commercial planes which have killed people not by traumatic injury but by smoke and fire:

July 11, 1961—Denver, United DC-8; 25 of 122 persons on board died.

Nov. 23, 1964—Rome, TWA Boeing 707; 48 of 73 died.

Nov. 11, 1965—Salt Lake City, United B-727; 43 of 91 died.

Nov. 27, 1970—Anchorage, Capitol International DC-8; 47 of 229 died.

Dec. 8, 1972—Chicago, United B-737; 43 of 61 died.

Dec. 20, 1972—Chicago, North Central DC-9; 10 of 45 died.

Jan. 30, 1974—Pago Pago, American Samoa, Pan Am B-707; 97 of 101 died.

In each crash the cause of death of all passengers was given as effects of smoke and fire. Authorities began improving the fire-resistant properties of cabin interiors about 1966. But Dr. Irwin Einhorn of the University of Utah hasn't been satisfied with the work done and has worked on the project ever since the Salt Lake City crash.

When the Pan Am jet crashed in Pago Pago, the NTSB's on-site investigation was completed within a few weeks. Then the plane's wreckage was buried, with no independent fire investigator asked to view the vital cabin interior. ●

"Survivable" crashes in which 183 died: 43 perished in Salt Lake City (top), 43 in Chicago (center) and 97 in Pago Pago (bottom), most of smoke inhalation.

campaigns, made sure that troublemakers like Miller stayed in their place. More than two years ago, Miller says, the White House began to politicize the NTSB. "I just got damn sick and tired of the efforts of the Nixon crew. . . and it became a conflict between myself and what I call the White House Mafia, the guys who were put in these agencies to get rid of people like me, who weren't going to sit back and say what they were told to say." Miller blames a man named Richard L. Spears, a former public relations man with little aviation safety background, for emasculating the NTSB when he became its general manager. Spears directed the board to put on a back burner follow-up studies keeping tabs on the FAA.

The apparent gutting of the NTSB came at about the time Dr. Irwin Einhorn of the University of Utah and others were reporting on studies that showed just how great a danger was posed by the fumes: Einhorn's research showed that polymers treated to resist fire produced more carbon monoxide and hydrogen cyanide gases than non-treated materials. Other studies proved that a single deep breath of that sort of mixture could kill; at best, it would incapacitate and disorient a passenger, making his head swim, his eyes function poorly and his arms and legs become hopelessly wobbly.

The airlines now say they are testing new materials even more flame-resistant than those used at present. There is only one thing wrong with that: The new materials will produce more dangerous smoke than ever.

Dr. Einhorn notes that on a recent American Airlines flight, he saw floor carpeting being used on the interior walls of the cabin as a decorative material. Carpeting, although quite resistant to flame when lying on the floor, burns rapidly when in a vertical position.

Safer, alternative materials do exist: the so-called space-age plastics. They are all reputed to be immune to flame and to produce little if any smoke when flame is applied to them. Their names—Tedlar, Durette, Nomex, PBI Foam, Kerimid Glass, Kevlar and Refset. Some have been around since the mid-1960s. In fact, NASA used Refset in Apollo 11. Yet none of the materials has been used by any major airline. It appears that cost is the reason.

So for the moment, airline passengers concerned with their safety can only continue to do what they have always done: sit near an exit, read the directions in the pocket in front of them, not drink or smoke and pray. The laws that will protect them have not yet been passed. ●

SELF-EXAMINATION

In which one woman confronts the panic evoked by breast cancer

By Marcia Seligson

For as long as I can remember I have been obsessed by the fear of getting breast cancer. So obsessed that it has been the single fantasy that could propel me instantaneously to thoughts of suicide. I knew what one knows: It will happen to 1 out of 15 of us and 50 percent will survive. For those who do, life—precious life—goes on. Betty Ford carries on, Happy Rockefeller carries on, Shirley Temple Black carries on. I have also known, with an unwavering certainty, that should it happen to me, I simply could not bear it.

The fright was so large that it defied exploration. When I would even try to get a glimpse of its roots, I would quickly become so overwhelmed with anxiety that I'd have to shift my mind to sunnier territory. Similarly, I was unable to perform monthly breast self-examination. And I could not ever discuss the subject with friends, doctors, shrinks, lovers. So the fear has persisted and even grown—a cancer itself, this weight of blind dread—as the years have passed.

The facts of my life seemed to confuse rather than clarify. For one thing, nobody in my family has had breast cancer; in fact, there has been hardly any cancer at all. For another, I had never been especially crazy about my breasts. They are too big for me to go braless or to find bikinis that fit well, and although their fullness has always been a turn-on to men, they are not a particularly erotic area for me. I have often wished they were smaller, rounder, higher. And yet, and yet. . . .

Four years ago, on my first trip to a nudist camp, I saw a woman with one breast. She was young, slender, tan, blonde—a true California goddess—except she had a single firm, round breast and one utterly flat mannish surface, bisected by a snakelike scar. I forced myself to keep looking at her as she romped around the grass, and I was astonished by her warm connection to people, her apparent un-self-consciousness, her aliveness—while I fought recurring waves of nausea. I said to the man I was with: "I could never have that courage. I would kill myself." He said, incredulously: "But life is so full of things, a breast just isn't that important." And I said, "Horseshit."

Two summers ago when I found a tiny lump (a gland, actually), I did not tell my lover, a man with whom I was quite intimate and secure, as I felt sure that if it were cancer and I were to lose a breast, he would leave me.

So last fall arrived and with it the remarkable, macabre coincidence of Betty and Happy. We were plunged into a national breast cancer psychosis that has not yet dissipated. It was not just that they were two very public women and we were overdosed by the media's lust for gore. It was more that they are the wives of the President and a Rockefeller, and if *that* station doesn't insure a morsel of invincibility, a speck of dominance over the universe's blackest tricks, then where the hell are *we?* Where is *our* drag with the gods of cancer?

Like many women I know, I rushed to a radiologist for a mammography. And two days later, calling for the results, heard the words I'd dreaded forever: "There's something there, in your left breast." The something was traces of calcification, a calcium deposit that had not shown up on last year's X-ray. His advice was to come back in six months for another mammography and "not to get hysterical." Suddenly, I could no longer hear anything he was saying—I can't now recall his words at all—because on some level what I heard was "you have cancer."

It was Friday mid-morning. I called my internist, who said he couldn't see me because he was leaving to make a speech at a luncheon, but why didn't I come in Monday at 10:30 and don't worry. I called my gynecologist (chosen specifically because of her sex), who fumed about why didn't I tell her I was having a mammography since it's she who's supposed to order it and, no, she couldn't possibly look at the X-rays until Monday. She did say that if I insisted on being so overemotional she'd send me to see a surgeon; I said I suspected that male surgeons lop off breasts as if they were fingernails, and she bellowed, "God. I'm SICK of that women's lib crap" and slammed down the phone.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT MONROE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT MONROE

Finally, I made a desperate call to Dr. B., a well-known surgeon in Beverly Hills and the uncle of a close friend. He sounded extremely concerned and told me to meet him right away at Century City Hospital with the X-rays. When I went to retrieve them, the radiologist's secretary refused to surrender them since I hadn't yet paid the bill and she only did so when I stood in the crowded anteroom, shaking, and shrieked a promise to—I think my exact words were—"break your fucking head." At the commotion the doctor emerged and tried to calm me by explaining that calcification is not uncommon and hardly ever anything to worry about, except in those cases where it's malignant.

I was admittedly, undeniably hysterical. Perhaps nothing, no sentiments, could have quieted me during those hours in which events were plugging into and activating the meanest demons of my life. Perhaps doctors are humanly ill-equipped to deal with this scourge cancer, this plague of our times that leaves them repeatedly as impotent as it does the victim. Perhaps they must preserve their own selves by moving away from such crushing terror as mine. All I knew, then, was that I was not experiencing from my battalion of healers any reassurance or caring. Only repeated messages that I was crazy, out of control and a bore.

My panic was undoubtedly compounded by my thoughts about the disease. I have for a long time believed all illness to be psychogenic—having its origin in the mind. Not just the obvious stuff, headaches and ulcers and asthma, but all of it. Strokes, diabetes, yes, even cancer. That's not just irresponsible whimsy on my part; there is growing evidence, confirmed even by the medical establishment, of the power of one's consciousness not just to add fuel to sickness but to cause it.

I've often observed it around me. For several years my father was devastated by one stroke after another, and I couldn't help but notice the payoffs for him—the enormous attention he received, the license to be a child, the rage he could acceptably release for the first time in his life, primarily at his wife. It was clear to me that, on some plane surely unperceived by him, he was enjoying his strokes. A dynamic, successful friend of mine creates month-long, incapacitating colds whenever there's a new man in her life, as permission to be vulnerable and needy. Another friend developed diabetes ten days after leaving his wife and wears it as a badge of distinction. For years I invented agonizing stomach aches to get out of places I didn't want to be.

Waiting in the lobby of Century City Hospital for Dr. B. to return with his technicians' report I began to feel oddly serene. The whole episode had taken on the aura of soap opera. How could this THING that I'd lived in fear of actually be materializing, and with the precise plotline that I'd imagined? It couldn't, that's how. So when I saw the doctor marching down the hall toward me, I was prepared to end this bizarre melodrama and go home for lunch. He said to me: "Three of our guys looked at the X-rays and we think you should check into the hospital immediately for a biopsy."

Waitresses in hospital coffee shops have probably seen everything, so this one took no notice of my audible sobbing. Neither did Dr. B., who did not miss a beat of his monologue or a bite of his pot roast sandwich, which he ate from his left hand while his right drew pictures of cancer cells on the paper napkin. I think he was trying to make me feel better when he told me the latest statistic: that 20 percent of calcifications are cancerous (totally inaccurate I later found out). Then he regaled me with an anecdote about a friend of his wife's who had the same thing, he was sure hers was all right and when he biopsied it—guess what—it was cancer.

"There's something there, in your left breast"

Grasping for a lifeline, anything to dispel this intolerable moment, I said that if it turned out to be bad, why couldn't I have a lumpectomy—removal of just the malignant area—instead of the entire breast. It was so very early, not even a feelable lump, just two infinitesimal dots on a whole textured map. NOTHING. The good doctor dismissed my notion in a wave of his pot roast hand. All of it, they would have to take all of it, that's the way we do things here. I felt utterly powerless over my life, at the mercy of one man—a perfectly decent man at whose home I have had Thanksgiving dinner and who was now urging me into an operating room with the clear possibility of my awaking without my left breast.

In the few seconds of clarity I could summon, I pointed out to him that there was quite a discrepancy between his recommendation to cut and the original suggestion to come back in six months. He agreed and we reached a "compromise": He would rush the X-rays to his friend, the leading radiologist in the city, and we would stand by his decision.

I had to wait until 5:00 to hear and spent a most peculiar afternoon lying in bed, feeling at once unreal and suprareal, standing quietly outside myself to witness myself and then locked into paralyzing fright, urgently clutching onto loved ones but then pushing them away to be alone. In startling counterpoint, Friday proceeded: A man from an airlines called to say my press junket to Africa was arranged, could I leave next week? Somebody called to invite me to a screening that night, the plumber called about the gas leak in the pool heater. And I waited for Dr. B. to call about my life.

When he did, at 5:20, it was to say that the town's leading radiologist had decreed I should do nothing for three months and then come back for another X-ray.

A man that I know had, some months before, leaped suddenly from excessive libertinism to excessive Orthodox Jewry and one night had brought me a bunch of candles and a prayerbook, which I had filed away somewhere. This night my first impulse was to retrieve them and pray. I did, and sometime later had the realization that I had never prayed before in my life.

Over the weekend I spoke to a doctor friend and finally understood what I had. According to current statistics, he explained, 30 to 35 percent of all malignant breast tumors contain some calcification, although indeed most calcifications are harmless. He assured me that if two out of three radiologists said not to biopsy, they must be certain mine was not now malignant. He also said that Dr. B. undoubtedly wanted to cut because he's a surgeon. What the growth would be in three months was, of course, the fiendish dilemma.

I knew about myself that I was incapable of just sitting around for those months, waiting, wondering if demons were loose in me. I needed to feel in charge of my life or I would go mad. Even if the truth was that I was merely the effect of some machinery already set in ineluctable motion by all the forces that determine one's fate, I needed to at least play a game in which I would perceive myself as cause and not effect. But could I square off my convictions about the nature of illness with what was now happening to me? Could I accept responsibility for creating a thing in my body that might turn out to be cancer?

Contributing editor Seligson last reported for NEW TIMES *on Erhard Seminar Training* (est).

My God, why would I do such a thing and how could I be capable of punishing myself thus?

I look back on those three months as a whirling dervish frenzy. I once read somewhere that we don't get to go through life without confronting our darkest terrors; ultimately life makes us come right up against them, every one of them. And this was mine, my monster pressing against me like a steel wall. There was not an hour of the day when I was free of it. Suddenly, in the midst of making love or serving a tennis ball on the court or talking heatedly about something else, I would remember. And a surge of panic would sweep through me, nesting finally in my belly. I couldn't write, except to write of this in my journal. Everything else in the world seemed irrelevant.

For two weeks I ran to gynecologists, each of whom thought I was okay but then wanted to send me to surgeons and breast tumor experts for confirmation. The country's climate of apprehension had apparently infected doctors, too, as none seemed willing to stand firm by his diagnosis. I soon realized that I could spend every day scouring Beverly Hills for a doctor who would be definitive, tell me for sure I was healthy or tell me for sure I had cancer—and meanwhile my anxiety was spiraling. Western medicine, I figured, had failed me.

Right about then Werner Erhard, the founder of *est*, came to town and we spent an afternoon talking together. He said one thing that guided me toward a new path. "If you do indeed have a malignant tumor," he observed, "you need to alter your consciousness. Otherwise, even if they cure this tumor you may create another. But you had also better get your body in order with proper medical attention. Otherwise, your body is liable to disappear while you're in the process of changing your consciousness."

I called a popular local nutritionist who, on the phone, said she could tell I didn't have cancer and my problem was too much cheese. How did she know I ate more cheese than all other foods combined? I fell in love with her on the spot and sped off to Eagle Rock, where she examined me, told me the fear of cancer kills more people than cancer and put me on a diet that removed from my life salt, coffee, sugar, all milk products, eggs, meat and all starches. It felt as if I were permitted to eat only four things, three of which were broccoli.

Somebody sent me to an Italian acupuncturist/homeopathic healer who took my pulse, peered deep into my eyes and announced that I'm one of the healthiest people he's ever seen. He bet that there's little cancer in my family (true) and unusual longevity (also true). He prescribed three sorts of homeopathic natural remedies, tiny white pellets to stick under my tongue at various times during the day, and stuck a fleet of needles up and down my right arm—which miraculously cured my tennis elbow in two days. I found that both he and Mrs. Poole, the nutritionist, held an optimistic, holistic view of the body's natural drive toward harmony and health that both appealed to me and felt instinctively right. As they seemed infinitely more humane than the other doctors I'd visited, less overcome by helplessness in the face of disease, I continued to see both of them regularly—whenever the dread would well up and consume me. Through them I became keenly in touch with my body and its natural vitality, and for much of the time, trusting that new

I sensed that I was not creating a malignancy but a means to exorcise the lifelong phobia that had imprisoned me

sense, I was convinced that I was all right.

Then the dark forces would dominate for a while and I was certain I had cancer. It took all of my self-control, during these periods, not to become a crazy person and run to psychics, faith healers, cuckoos with magic cancer-curing machines, swamis, gurus, astrologers. I felt that my fixation with cancer was the exact thing that could create it or perhaps already had created it. So while I needed to feel in charge, I knew that I had to relinquish the obsessiveness and let it all be, whatever it was. For me that was an impossible balance to achieve.

I told a lot of people, for a lot of reasons. If someone said, "Oh, don't be silly, you're fine," I'd cling to the words as if their eyes were X-ray machines. I told my male friends as a test, a test that I expected them to fail. When one didn't I was overjoyed. I asked Charles, in the middle of the night: "How would you feel if I had a breast removed?" He said, laughing: "Do I have a choice which one? I'm left-handed you know." And I told people because, should it be true, I had decided I would not live with it as a terrible, unspeakable secret.

It seemed that breast cancer was everywhere. Each magazine I'd pick up on the checkout line at the supermarket would carry "My Mastectomy" spashed across the cover. At every dinner party at least one "did-you-hear-about-so-and-so" saga was whispered; Happy had her second one removed; my friend's mother; a week-long feature on ABC local news; ads in the paper for specially built bathing suits. I became sharply attuned to how often, in conversation, men mention "tits" or "boobs." Very often.

I returned to my ex-therapist for several sessions. We did some Reichian techniques for release of feelings from the body, during which I twice had experiences of confronting death—first with explosions of terror, then fury. Afterward, I would inevitably feel calm and free for a while. A recurring image kept surfacing in these sessions and in dreams—hazy at first, then clearer and clearer. It was of being an infant nursing at my mother's breast, then her startling, sudden withdrawal and her leaving me. Enormous shock and fear accompanied this. I never learned whether this image/dream was memory or fantasy or metaphor,and, in truth, it doesn't seem to matter, its reality for me was so potent.

Once, when I expressed my recurring periodic thoughts of suicide, the therapist asked a searing question: "How is it you would rather die than lose a relatively unessential part of yourself, and a part that you don't even like very much?" I was dazed with the precision of the question and forced myself to confront it, finally. It was certainly true that I could list 20 parts of my body the loss of which would make for no mighty handicap. It was also true that I did not worship my breasts. I thought hard and ultimately had to face some uncomfortable insights about myself. Since the age of 12, at a time when I saw myself as hopelessly ugly, scores of men have told me I have "fantastic tits"—simply because I am full-breasted and that is the American male fixation. I was painfully ambivalent, then, hearing it: I loved the attention but couldn't handle the implications about my sexuality or availability. As an adult, I've often noticed that a man's eyes instantly fasten there, and it is surely the area of my body in which I feel the most unshakable confidence to be noticed, to attract, to be approved of. And I have exploited it by frequently wearing provocative clothes. To me the loss of a breast meant the loss of my desirability and—as an actively single woman—the end of love, of romance, of sex. How

startling to realize that my fear was neither of cancer nor of death, but of mutilation.

The messages were almost unbearable to consider—that I was defining my entire sexuality, no, my BEING, by my breasts, assuming myself to be unlovable except insofar as I had "fantastic tits." And then, beyond that, that I was defining the value of my life solely through love and sex. If I were deprived of those—in my bleakest fantasies—my life was worth nothing. And, further, what does all this say about my perceptions of men, that I view them as so inhuman, so shallow and exploitative? As creatures who only cherish a fraction of me, and a fraction existing for their pleasure, at that.

I had to move through a lot of spaces to reconcile these revelations with a feminist consciousness—along with other strongly held visions of myself. But finally a grand shift in consciousness began to crystallize. I was losing—to use the Easterners' notion—my attachment to my breasts. I no longer believed so strongly that I WAS my breasts.

Then, I did some intense work with the *est* staff consultant. (He is an MD, formerly a practicing internist, trained by Werner Erhard in *est* processes and now practicing in this way.) In two-hour sessions with him, called simply "consulting"—designed to examine the issue of cause—I realized that indeed I could have been responsible for creating the growth, whether harmless or malevolent. And I even could see some of the complex payoffs for me in having done so. Then I had to confront *that:* What can you say about a person who is capable of causing her own blackest nightmare? For one thing, you have to believe she is also capable of uncausing it. For another, you can say that in the intricate and powerful webbing of our machinery, we all may have the ability to cause anything. In fact, in the wee hours one night some friends and I had a dazzling flash: Scarier than cancer is the understanding that perhaps we're really in charge of it. If I'm *that* much the master of my fate, *that* responsible, what happens to any tiny part of my victim-of-life game?

By the time the three months had passed and it was time for another X-ray, I believed that I was okay. I sensed, in a very deep place, that I was not in fact creating a malignancy but creating a means to exorcise the lifelong phobia that had run me, imprisoned me, been a lid on my freedom. But I had also reached the point that if I did have it, I knew it would be extremely difficult to accept—the toughest confrontation so far—but that I would live. And the drama of my life and loves would continue to unfold.

I do not have breast cancer. The second X-ray conclusively proved the calcium deposit to be nothing bad. I wouldn't want to relive those three months surely, and yet I see value in the experience, something in the category of learning about myself and overcoming barriers. The truth is I no longer have any fear of getting breast cancer. None. I can't explain it, it's simply the way it is.

The very night the X-ray report came back with its thrilling news, I went to a star-studded Hollywood screening of *Shampoo*. The man I was with introduced me to Warren Beatty, and we chatted about his film for 11 seconds. As my friend and I sat down, he told me that Warren had just pulled him aside to whisper, "Christ, what an INCREDIBLE pair!" I've been howling for two months over *that* one. ●

The 20-year time bomb?

The Pill is rated 100 percent effective in preventing conception, but it also produces a catalog of side effects—including, perhaps, breast cancer

By Rose Kushner & Maxene Fabe

Meet Linda Goldstein: 28. A young woman, part of the new breed, Linda Goldstein has everything in the world to live for: a career—she's the buyer in the junior department of a major retail store—and a husband.

Like many young women of her generation, Linda Goldstein did not marry the first man she ever slept with. If so, she'd have been married in college. Rather, over the last eight years, she had selected, not settled. There had been a year with Bob, the medical student; two years with Al, the orthodontist; and finally four years with Ed Jarvis, assistant district attorney. They'd lived together first, then, like many young couples who go that route, they'd decided, "What the hell; we both want a family. Let's get married." So they did. Today.

Linda Jarvis (nee Goldstein) stands in the bathroom of their apartment. She brushes her teeth and takes her pill. It's the last birth control pill in the package, the 2,016th oral contraceptive she's swallowed over the last eight years, and the last one she intends to take. She drops the empty plastic disk into the wastebasket and, smiling, goes to join her husband in the nuptial bed.

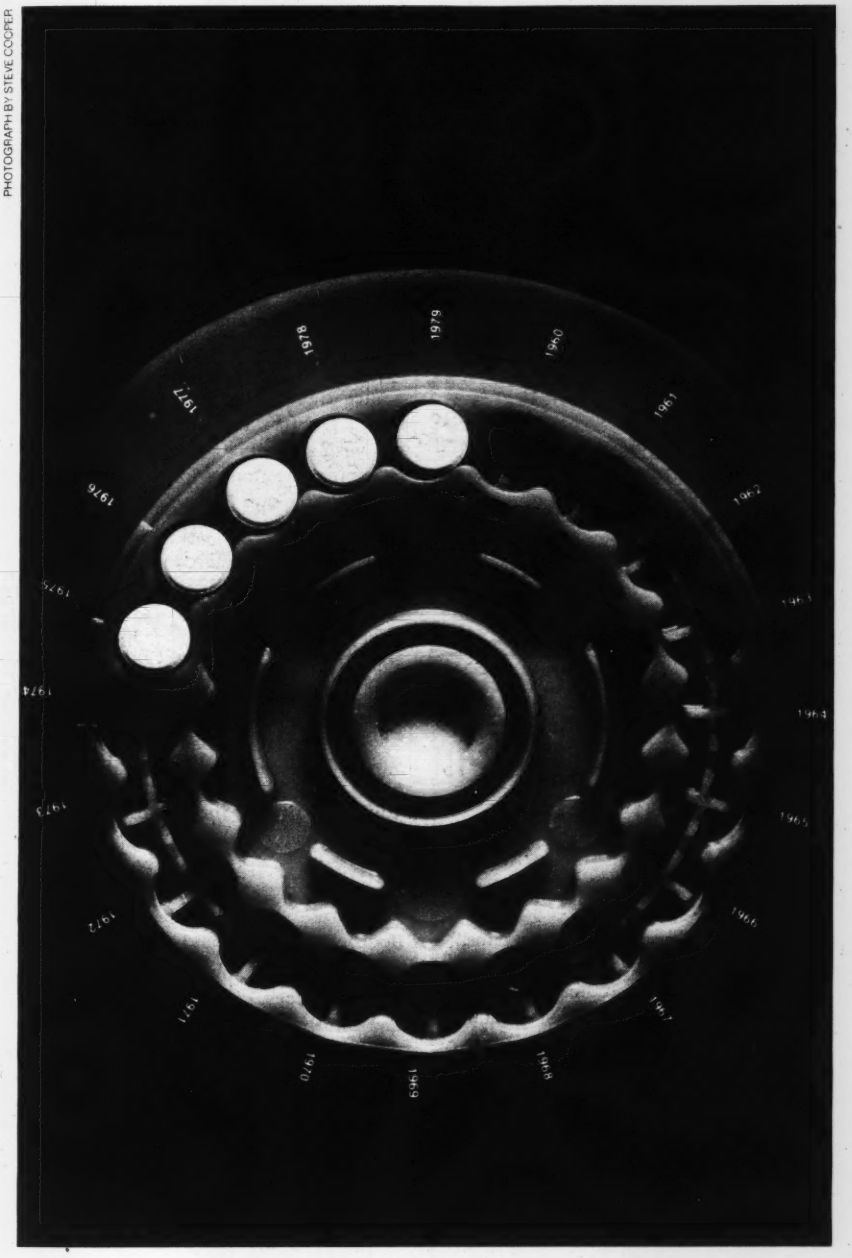
Linda Jarvis doesn't realize it, but for eight years she has been sitting on a time bomb that is about to explode. Tomorrow, while she is idly dreaming about her future, she will discover the lump. She will try to ignore it, of course. But what she unmistakably knows she felt an inch and a half from her rib cage, imbedded in her right breast, will still be there a week later. And the week after, and the week after.

At first, not even her doctor will believe it. In fact, he will consider the possibility of cancer in this young woman to be so remote that he will perform the biopsy under a local anesthetic in the outpatient clinic of his hospital rather than in the operating room. But the diagnosis will be certain: carcinoma. One month after her wedding night, Linda Goldstein will undergo a radical mastectomy. Her prognosis: poor.

Unfortunately, Linda's condition, though still unusual, is not all that rare, and indeed is becoming far more common. The National Cancer Institute's statistics show that not only is breast cancer on the rise (it has been increasing at a steady rate of 1 percent a year to nudge out lung cancer, and is second only to cancer of the intestine) but, more ominously, it is showing up in women earlier than ever before. According to Dr. Sidney Cutler, statistical analyst of the National Cancer Institute, whereas the "modal age range" of women with breast cancer used to be 45 to 55, there now appears to be a "creeping down" into the 30s.

As with all official cancer figures, Cutler is working with numbers that are three years old. A more recent survey in Berkeley, California, conducted by Dr.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER



Ralph Paffenbarger, a public health doctor, turned up 15 women between the ages of 15 and 29 with the disease out of a sampling of 453 women with breast cancer. That small a number might not seem significant, except that in days gone by it has been exceedingly rare to see women so young with the disease, let alone 15 in a city the size of Berkeley. One other interesting thing: Of the 15, 100 percent were taking oral contraceptives.

Even though the Pill's most severe critics will not say that it *causes* cancer, the estrogen ingredients in the Pill are "carcinotropic." That is, if a woman is naturally predisposed toward cancer, if her body has manufactured an overabundance of natural estrogens, the estrogens in the Pill will combine with other substances to react like gasoline thrown into the fire. Two of the estrogens found in the Pill—estradiol and estrone—are known to cause breast cancer in mice. Both are components to a greater or lesser degree of every oral contraceptive on the market.

And no one disputes the carcinogenic potential of estrogens in animals and humans.

- Five species of animals—from rodents all the way up to dogs—have developed breast cancers after having been given the same hormones that are in the Pill. Federal law states that "toxicity" in three specified animals is enough to declare a drug unsafe for human use.
- Giving estrogen to men with prostatic cancer has developed cancer of the breast—a very rare disease in males.
- Most breast cancers that develop in pregnant women are particularly virulent and fast-growing. The accepted reason is the high estrogen levels in the blood during pregnancy.
- From the late 1940s through the 1960s, millions of American women were routinely given an estrogen called diethylstilbestrol (DES) to prevent miscarriages early in pregnancy. Now "DES daughters"—most of them teenagers—are developing rare forms of vaginal and cervical cancers. Scientists suspect that the pre-birth doses of DES somehow activated a "time bomb" in the affected girls. Estimates of the number of DES-linked cancer cases vary from 3,000 to 27,000.

The Pill's manufacturers claim that they have counteracted the known carcinogenic potential of these two estrogens in the Pill by lowering the estrogen content. In addition, every Pill contains an anti-carcinogenic hormone, progestin. But such preventive measures may not be adequate for all women.

A recent study conducted by Dr. Elfriede Fasal, a scientist in California's Public Health Department, points to a phenomenon that, though unknown by many gynecologists and even cancer statisticians, is accepted as commonplace by many surgeons and by most experts in biochemistry, endocrinology and immunology: *There are two kinds of breast cancer, not just one.*

According to a recent National Cancer Institute study conducted by scientists from the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, there is considerable evidence that the breast cancers of young women and the breast cancers of older women are completely separate diseases with different susceptibilities, causes and treatments. One example of proof for the two-cancer point of view is that metastatic breast cancer in a young woman is almost always treated by removing her ovaries (cutting off her body's natural estrogens), whereas older breast cancer victims actually improve by adding estrogens to their systems.

Another unknown about the Pill and breast cancer in young women is that no one knows for sure how much of the

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This piece was adapted from a chapter in Rose Kushner's book, Breast Cancer, *to be published in the fall by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Maxene Fabe has written a novel and a biography of Helena Rubinstein.*

protective drug progestin it takes to counterbalance the estrogens in the Pill. Or whether a woman's own level of estrogen is already so high that any addition of synthetic estrogens will be too much.

Since not every young woman who takes oral contraceptives has the same risk of developing breast cancer, it would seem imperative to find a way of predicting who might, and to post a warning to that effect. Such a profile is beginning to emerge from the combined findings of Dr. Calum Muir, director of the International Agency for Research in Cancer in Lyons, France; Drs. Brian MacMahon and Philip Cole at Harvard; the World Health Organization; and Drs. Marvin Schneiderman and Joseph Fraumeni, both of the National Cancer Institute. If a woman falls into any of the high-risk categories listed below, she should certainly think twice about taking the Pill.

Except for women who have already had a breast cancer, the highest in risk is the woman whose sister, mother, maternal grandmother, aunt or maternal first cousin have breast cancer.

Women with a prior history of benign breast disease—mastitis, cysts, etc.—are also more prone to develop malignancies.

Women with a long reproductive life—long in duration or with long stretches of inactivity—are also high risks. This includes women who begin to menstruate early; who have never had children; who began sexual activity late or not at all; who had their first child after age 35; who have a late menopause. Many researchers, especially Dr. Frits de-Waard of the University of Utrecht, believe that affluence, that is, having the money to eat expensive high cholesterol foods, also plays a large role. Dr. Philip Cole has hypothesized that the body somehow metabolizes cholesterol from animal fats into estrogens. He has found that most eating patterns are cultural. Highest on the risk list are Jewish women of Northern and Eastern Europe and American-Jewish women with these ancestries.

Chances are that very few of the 9 million American women currently taking the Pill will know about the existence of a high breast cancer risk factor. Despite the definitive evidence incriminating estrogens, there is still no warning given with oral contraceptives that alerts women, especially young women with a family history of breast cancer, to the danger. The label inserted in a packet of birth control pills is usually the only instructions the patient sees and it does not carry a single word about cancer risks.

A more complete booklet is available, yet it is not usually offered voluntarily; a woman must specifically ask her doctor for it. "Oral contraceptives," it says blithely, "like all potent drugs, have some side effects. Fortunately, serious side effects are relatively rare." Among the non-serious side effects are nausea and vomiting, gain or loss of weight, vaginal bleeding, elevated levels of sugar and fat in the blood, an increase or decrease in sex drive and appetite changes. If a woman is nursing a baby, the booklet says, she may find a decrease in her supply of milk. There are also light references to migraine, mental depression, fibroids of the uterus, heart or kidney disease, asthma, high blood pressure, diabetes and epilepsy. These are listed under "Special Needs." The serious side effects? Thrombophlebitis.

Cancer is mentioned in the booklet, although it is omitted from the patient-package insert. "There is no proof at the present time that oral contraceptives can cause cancer in humans," it says. "However, the possibility that they may continues to be studied, based on observations that large doses of female sex hormones have produced cancer in experimental animals." And, buried deep in "Special Needs": "There are some women . . . who should not use oral contraceptives. These include women who have cancer of the breast or womb." Unlike the 1975 *Physicians Desk Reference*—a drug guide for doctors—the booklet does not tell women that the Pill is contraindicated if they have had cancer.

It can take breast cancers 20 years to develop and the Pill has been on the market for only 15

"Why not?" is a good question. Dr. Louis M. Hellman, a professor of obstetrics and gynecology and chairman of the FDA Advisory Committee that evaluated the Pill in 1960 when it was first approved for sale, is now deputy secretary for population in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. He also helped author the first patient-package insert in 1970. A warning about increased cancer risks for women who have relatives afflicted with the disease was supposed to be on the label, he said. He did not know it was missing. Dr. Roy Hertz, a research professor in pharmacology at George Washington Medical School who testified before Senator Gaylord Nelson's committee on oral contraceptives in 1970, was also surprised to find the warning missing from the instructions. "Certainly whatever is in the booklet should be on the label," he said.

One would hope that, informed of the omission, the FDA would rectify such an oversight that might save some of the 90,000 women who will develop breast cancer this year. Unfortunately, one would hope in vain. For one thing, back in 1970, the FDA issued a position paper that supported doctors' and drug companies' rights not to "unduly alarm the patient." Doctors, the statement reveals, do not wish patients to challenge them with too many questions. Moreover, the report goes on to say, "providing the patient with information of this type" on the label of oral contraceptives is "an unnecessary government intrusion into medical practice."

The original label proposed by Drs. Hellman, Hertz and others on the committee in 1970 was toned down. Responsibility for warning the potential Pill user was left in the hands of obstetricians and gynecologists. At the moment, even though everyone actively involved in finding the cause and cure of breast cancer believes that a warning about cancer risks should be on the label accompanying each Pill package, the FDA prefers to protect the myth that "the doctor knows best" and does nothing.

"We're doing all we can under the circumstances," says Ed Nida, an information officer at FDA. "When you have drug companies chewing on us for not approving drugs and creating a drug lag and the Ralph Naders and the rest of the world chewing on us for putting risky things on the market, the questions are not easily answered." Besides, he added, "the pharmaceutical firms are required by law to report any adverse effects immediately." The FDA is hoping that the drug industry will police itself. Not surprisingly, however, drug manufacturers are the *only* ones in the field who are not anxious to explore the possible link between breast cancer and the Pill.

That is why people like Dr. Philip A. Corfman, director of the Center of Population Research of the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, are a lot less sanguine than the FDA. "I don't think the industry has hardly any good data," he laughed. "That's the reason we're doing studies here." So far his studies linking oral contraceptives to breast cancer have proven inconclusive, but mostly, he believes, because it can take breast cancers 20 years to develop.

and the Pill has been on the market for only 15.

Others in Washington also question the FDA's interest in protecting the female consumer. Not a single FDA official has ever worked for a consumer group, points out Senator Vance Hartke (D-Ind.). Yet 22 of the FDA's top brass have worked for food and drug companies. Furthermore, a disturbing number of former FDA personnel have found high-paying jobs with the food and drug companies they were responsible for regulating. Of 49 high-ranking officials who resigned from the FDA during a recent period, 37 joined or served as consultants to "regulated" industries.

"There's no real chicanery," says Gilbert S. Goldhammer, consultant to the House of Representative's FDA-oversight subcommittee. "No bribery or things like that. It's just that the people at the top of the FDA are not really scientists. They are medical people, but they're management types. They have a business outlook on salvaging a product and making it work out. And if they're wined and dined by the pharmaceutical people," he chuckled, "that makes them all pals. You can't turn around and hurt pals."

And so the FDA intends to do nothing about revising the label on oral contraceptives to warn high risk young women. Spokesman Frank Korn admitted as much. "The patient-package insert is currently being reviewed," he said. "But there are no great alarming facts that are going to be included. There are no plans to mention anything about cancer on the label."

There is indeed no conclusive proof yet that the estrogens in oral contraceptives cause breast cancer in women. And even if there were, those who would rather risk cancer than become pregnant should have the right—in the spirit of freedom invoked by cigarette smokers—to take that risk. But Pill users should be warned. To get that warning across will take a congressional hearing.

The Senate Subcommittee on Small Business and Monopoly is anxious to meet and again discuss the many dangerous side effects of oral contraceptives, including breast cancer, but they are waiting for more facts. As always, it will take public pressure to get Congress to force the FDA to act. If it does not, the prediction of Dr. Hugh J. Davis of Johns Hopkins' Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology might well come to pass: "Shall we have millions of women on the Pill for 20 years and then discover it was all a great mistake?" he demanded back in 1970. Without the breast cancer warning on the label of oral contraceptives, it's a chilling, all too possible, thought. ●

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"Tennis isn't a matter of life and death- it's more important than that." Sign at the John Gardiner Tennis Clinic, Warren, Vermont

7,500 balls a week per acolyte, a doomsday stroking machine and non-stop genuflection: It all adds up to tennis as absolution

By Jesse Kornbluth

The $6,000,000 Tennis Pro—a tennis teacher so methodical that you wouldn't be surprised to see a wire running from his racket to a battery pack—strokes a soft forehand to Big Ed. Ed's $90 Arthur Ashe metal racket makes contact with the ball as Ed does a little power dance to position himself. He jerks the racket into what passes for a follow-through with a cute twist designed to put a little something extra on his return. Spectacular shot, Big Ed! That ball was doing 90 and still accelerating when it hit the net!

The $6,000,000 Tennis Pro shrugs. "One more." He turns to his right side, flicks his wrist and hits the second ball to the same spot. Again Ed smashes the ball too low; his affinity for nets rivals Clyde Frazier's. "Now two backhands." Ed prepares himself for the backhand by doing exactly nothing. The ball takes him by surprise, a slow curve on the inside corner. A lesser player would require a doctor after the movement Ed uses to rocket his backhand into the net. But his second shot makes its way over. The $6,000,000 Tennis Pro steps aside to avoid decapitation.

"Now serve two." Big Ed's tries are an equal combination of inventiveness, power and ineptitude; one miraculously chips the far corner of the service court. An ace! This pleases Ed. He thinks his serve is his big problem.

"27, Ed." Ed trots over to another pro and reports his number. She asks if he has ever attended a Ken Rosewall/John Gardiner Tennis Clinic before. Ed has not. So at 9:15 on the first morning of tennis camp at the Sugarbush Inn in Warren, Vermont, Big Ed becomes an Antelope. Other people with different scores are becoming Beavers and Cougars and Deer. "A for Antelopes, I must be in the top group," Ed thinks. Then he sees some other Antelopes. One girl has trouble holding a tennis racket. The realization of his disgrace sinks Big Ed; some clever tennis psychologist has reversed the usual pecking order and the Antelopes, the A Group, are the bottom, the pits. Suddenly Ed suspects that his $550 investment—$275 for the five-day clinic, the rest to the hotel—is going straight down the tubes.

Then he considers the alternative: looking for an empty court anywhere else. In such a pilgrimage, the tennis player is a beggar, never a chooser. Every middle-class person in America is armed with a racket this year; overnight the 20 million players of 1973 became the 34 million fanatics of 1974—and 60 percent of them took to the courts three or more times a month. This phenomenal increase, the largest in the history of American sports, has been fabulous for the equipment manufacturers, but in this billion-dollar-a-year-and-still-growing bonanza, the key business—court construction—has had the growth rate of a minor cottage industry. Ideally, the United States should have 300,000 courts to satisfy today's players; nationwide, there are only 150,000. And a paltry 20,000 courts are being built this year; at this rate, by 1980 there will be enough courts

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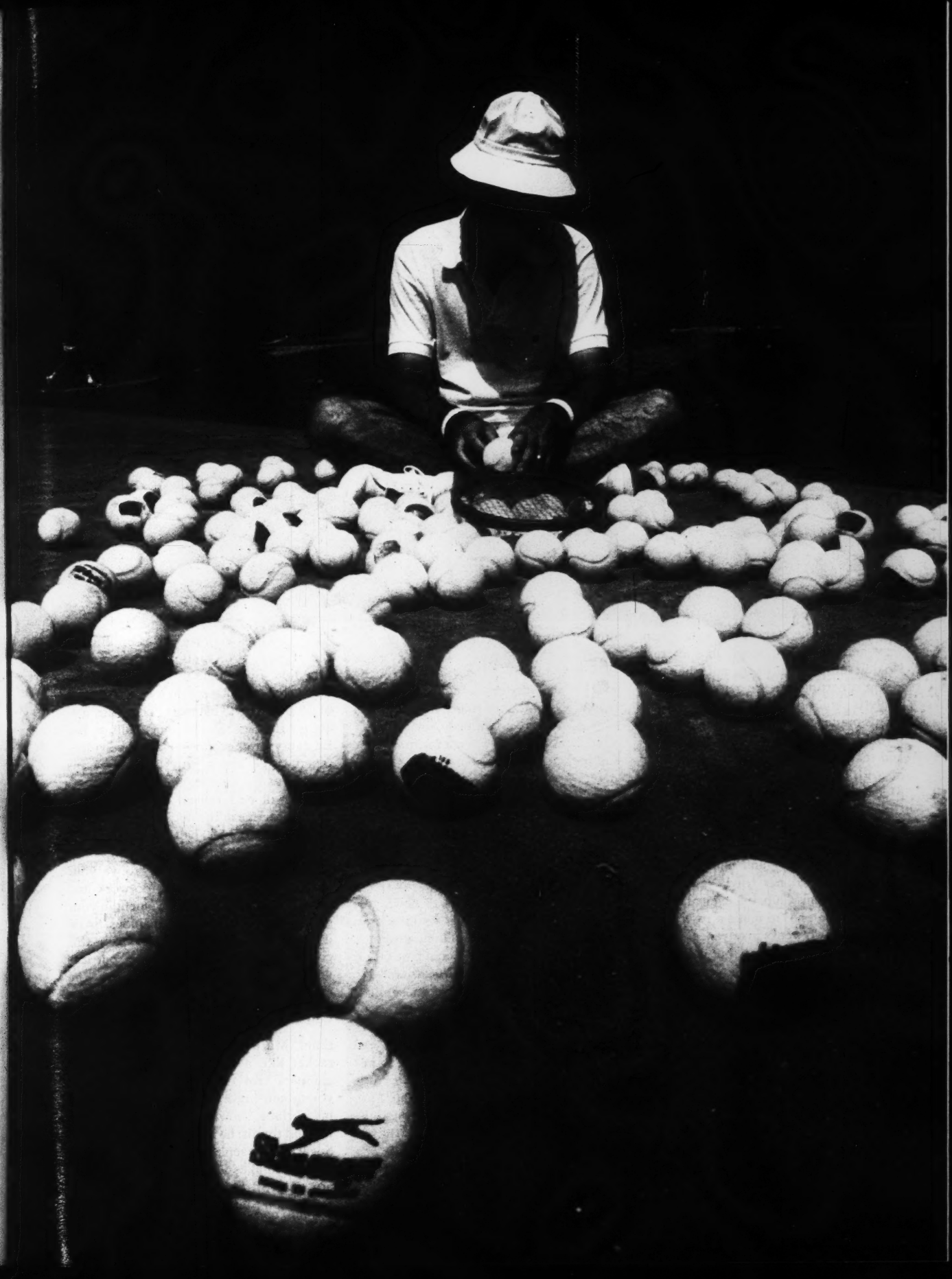


PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER ANGELO SIMON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER ANGELO SIMON

for everyone only if there are no new converts and 15 million people lose interest. No one thinks this is likely, not when television is getting into the act and business analysts are offering $400 seminars in tennis management ("increasing revenues through maximized court utilization") and teaching pros can get the equivalent of a Ph.D. in 10 days from the Van der Meer Tennis University. Now even Red China, which once scorned the game's decadence, has a national team.

Where will people play? Private courts are an easy—and unaffordable—solution. Big Ed has tried New York's Midtown Tennis Club, but even at $22 an hour, he often has to make a reservation for a court two weeks in advance. He has considered a private club, but with memberships going for $1,000 a year—not including playing costs—Ed thinks he'll do better to save $10,000 and build his own court. Fortunately, he managed to resist Peter Jokay's offer of "the ultimate in tennis" at the Queens Plaza Racquet Club; the possibility of playing "any time you want" under Jokay's "enclosed geodesic dome" seemed too good to be true. And it was, although 150 suckers gave Jokay over $30,000 in reservations for playing time on his nonexistent courts before the attorney general put a stop to Queens Plaza's sham operation. Considering the jungle that every urban tennis player confronts, it's not surprising that playwright Neil Simon, a confirmed New Yorker, gave as his primary reason for moving to California: "I want to be able to play tennis every day."

So does Big Ed; that's why he's turned himself into a middle-aged camper and shipped himself to tennis camp, which even devotees of the game consider the most extreme fetish going. There are real courts at Sugarbush, 18 of them, all composition and all new. Only two existed on April 20; a month later, thanks to a massive building program, Warren, Vermont, had become the tennis capital of the Northeast. True, there were other camps Ed could have chosen, but some of their facilities were primitive indeed; one features a circle of "hitting alleys" with an instructor perched overhead in the center like a prison guard. So just on the basis of simple court availability, Big Ed—and all the others who have booked the Sugarbush clinic through the end of the summer—can justify the expense of a tennis week. It's just as the new sign at the front desk proclaims, "Tennis isn't a matter of life and death—it's more important than that."

So Ed's spirits revive as Bill Butler, the Head Pro, outlines the week's schedule. Five hours of tennis a day, no more than six players on a court, a total of 18 pros for 45 campers. There are machines that will shoot tennis balls at Big Ed every three seconds. He will be videotaped twice and a pro will analyze his strokes as Ed watches the instant replay. There will be forehand drills, backhand drills, practice at the net; each player will swing at some 7,500 balls before the 22½ hours of instruction are over.

"If you can learn to groove your stroke, follow the correct footwork and relax, you'll see real improvement in your game this week," Butler concludes. "And if you pay your bill, you'll pass this course." There is some laughter but it is uneasy. Butler's 3-year-old son with the cut-down racket hits the ball more often than some of these tennis ladies.

"We're going to have a good time!" Mark Syndor shouts. He waves his racket like a circus clown on speed as campers trot onto the court. Mark is young and brash and vulnerable beneath his surface showmanship. He has gone beyond tennis; he is the court jester of the Sugarbush teaching pros. For this double duty, he makes $2.25 an hour. And there are only 30 hours in the official week. Still, when Mark is teaching the serve and

Kornbluth's last story for NEW TIMES *was on Zen and the art of car rental.*

he wants to show you how you have to hit the ball up, not straight down and across, he will throw his racket over an imaginary wall with real abandon. After good shots, he is the only pro who will yell, "Right on!" All he has in common with the other teachers is an incredible facility for identification—once introduced, campers are forever called by their first names.

The Antelopes eye Mark suspiciously as they begin their first half-hour drill; his enthusiasm is so much greater than theirs. Linda is short and uncoordinated, the girl with no tennis history, but she is John's wife and would like to play with him. For his part, John would like to play with better types, but first he must learn not to clutch in competitive situations, something he will find easier to do when he stops trying to castrate himself by pulling his tennis shorts higher just before his opponent hits the ball. Then there is Sally: married, looking to commit herself to something. And Vicki, here with her lover, a Deer; only Vicki will drink wine at lunch and giggle all afternoon. And Ed, who must learn to look at the ball a lot and into himself a little if he's ever to pull his game together. He approaches his challenge with great seriousness.

All the campers, in fact, are serious. And about much more than tennis, too, but that is hard to find out because most conversations are limited to the game; there is a definite sense that the on-court relationship works best if there is a collective and fanatical dedication to tennis skills. In every other way, this is a disparate group with no reason for coexistence. Some are WASPs with names that sound like banks and colleges. Some are tennis marriages, with sports the ongoing obsession and tennis as a substitute for children and pets. There are a few families. A couple of single women who have been through cooking school and speed reading and are now tentatively exploring their physicality. Maybe a few closet swingers who know that you can't be on a hip trip these days if you don't have a good backhand going for you. No blacks. No one on the make for a week of tennis-and-moonlight in Vermont.

This is what travel writers call "a structured vacation experience." It is especially applicable to tennis camps because structure is a great relief to tennis lovers. These people do not drug, drink or make the mattress sing. They talk admiringly of Arthur Ashe doing transcendental meditation between sets in his upset victory over Connors, but only one couple meditates. Several have read *The Inner Game of Tennis,* but no one practices Zen on the courts. "There are no mellow tennis players here," a young pro reports. "They're all anal-compulsive." What they're compulsive about is achievement; in tennis they have found a vehicle for both competitiveness and better health. In one setting, they get residual English snobbery, the tranquility of the Japanese rock garden and the sublimated sexual thrill of face-to-face encounter, separated by an ever-present boundary—the net. As no less an expert than Billie Jean King has said, "When I hit the ball well, my heart pounds but it's just totally peaceful. It's almost like having an orgasm."

The ultimate orgasm is learning the Big Game, which is taught at Sugarbush and everywhere else. The Big Game is sport as warfare. Supertennis. Failing to serve an ace, you rush the net, take your opponent's return and slam it down the baseline for the putaway. Or break his spirit with a cross-court volley that is simply unplayable. Unless, of course, it is a hot and muggy day. Then you want to alternate short drop shots with deep lobs and a generous mixture of balls that fall into alternate corners of your opponent's court. This is fun for you—after all, you win—and serves to humiliate your opponent in record time. In the old days, pro matches required an average of 2,400 shots; with the Big Game, a contest between an Arthur Ashe and a Jimmy Connors requires less than 850 shots, faulted serves included.

These people do not drug, drink or make the mattress sing

Valerie especially studies the Big Game, which is surprising because in every other way she is veddy, veddy English and proper; her mother has come to Sugarbush as her chaperone and she has carefully selected this camp "because in Massachusetts the girls wear shorts that make your eyes pop out." Valerie is married, has three children; her husband has dispatched her here on an important mission, she explains. "This isn't a vacation. I'm working. My husband thinks it's important that I'm a winner. And tennis is where I'm allowed to win. My husband can bask in my victories; it won't threaten him because he invested in me and winning is his return." She is surprised that you are surprised. "Look at the other women here," she says. "They'd rather play than drill. That way they can see how they're doing."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER ANGELO SIMON

Like Sandy. Sandy is the ultimate blonde princess, the camp's Chris Evert, friendly but inaccessible. She was married to an insurance man but then she turned 30 and saw that hers was a life of lonely self-improvement; she escaped, but first her husband tried to break her. The tennis court was one place where he succeeded. "When my marriage was going sour, I started playing badly. After we separated, I couldn't play for a year. Finally a pro took me on the court and said, 'We're going to play until you get some self-confidence.' Now I'm starting to get it back."

But of the aggressive players—and the women are the clear standouts in this respect—no one is a tougher competitor than Judy, the teacher of ghetto kids. She wanted to be a great tennis player even before she wanted to help the disadvantaged. This week, she wants to be especially great because she and her boyfriend have just broken up. If possible, she will burn out that rage and regret on the court. On top of the clinic and the singles games she plays each day, Judy will also sign up for three sessions of private instruction at $20 an hour. But nothing seems to help her, at least the first few days; each morning, her hair is in a tighter pony tail. Looking at her across the court, she seems on the verge of screaming. And maybe she is.

Individual situations quickly get lost in the daily routine. Drills and more drills. Break for crisp apples and Schweppes ginger ale. Overhead smashes. When returning the serve, don't take a full backswing; when you volley, be sure you can see the back of your strings. When serving, think of the ball as an orange you want to peel. Strategy: When warming up, ask your opponent for one overhand and go for that high ball with everything you've got. If you miss it by a mile, that's OK, it will only make your opponent wonder more. Study geometry, observe the angles your shots can take. Win at the net. And remember: "Tennis is a game for enjoyment."

A popular girl sprains her ankle and goes home. A day later, hardly anyone remembers she was ever there. Gliders fly overhead and no one notices. Life is tennis and tennis is life. Some people have grass but no one wants a taste and that party is endlessly postponed on account of self-imposed early bedtimes. Sandy talks about the inner game and then schedules a private lesson with Phil. "I tried to be looser and just love the ball," she reports. "I pretended Phil was a guy I like. I stroked the ball to him. I felt loose and sexual, I really did. And the ball came off the racket: ping, ping, ping."

When Phil hears this, he makes a motion with his racket as if he is shoveling manure.

Then Linda is dropped from the Antelopes; she joins a special group of the enfeebled. Then Big Ed leaves the Antelopes for the Cougars, a double promotion; there was no room for him in the Beavers. With the Cougars, he plays way above his ability. He is thereafter thoroughly rejected by his former friends in the Antelopes.

When people are on the verge of being tennised-out—or when there is an epidemic of post-lunch somnolence—the pros put on brief exhibitions of specific techniques. Among these is a scramble game; Bill Butler hits balls to distant corners of the court while $5-an-hour men stretch and skid to hit them. When this becomes boring, on the hottest afternoon of the week, Butler manipulates the bleachered and shaded campers into volunteering Mark for the scramble drill. He puts each ball just beyond Mark's reach. Mark gives them all the old showbiz try. Finally he is forced to dive for a wide shot. When he stands up, there is a steady trickle of blood coming from his knee. Few notice.

Then Ken Rosewall arrives and starts showing up at the clinic to "have a look-'round." At 41, he can still win tournaments with his remarkable backhand and his brilliant strategic game. He is here to play exhibitions and teach some strokes, but many campers are too impressed by him to learn anything. "When Ken comes to your court," Butler reminds them, "don't freeze or drop your racket; he's just a guy." Still, when "the doomsday stroking machine"—Laver's affectionate and apt description of Rosewall—passes Judy and says, "Good shot, partner" about one of her backhands, she is overwhelmed. Big Ed is so cocky now that he all but dismisses Rosewall's instruction: "He doesn't teach any better than the other pros, you just listen to him more."

Big Ed is the only heretic. For Rosewall is not thought of in these parts as the world's third-most-admired tennis player; he is nothing less than the sage who turned pro when matches were still being held in barns for audiences of the faithful. To the campers, he's the man who gave some of the greatest performances in the history of the game when there was only the tiniest cult to appreciate his artistry, he's the pioneer who believed so deeply in the ultimate vindication of tennis that, in darkest 1962, he guaranteed Rod Laver that he would make $110,000 in three years on his circuit or he'd personally make up the difference.

"The gentleman's game is gone"

This spring, the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association voted to strike "lawn" from its name; there are only 1,100 grass courts left in America, and now that it costs $20,000 to build one and nearly as much to maintain it, there will surely be no revival of the classic surface. Already the West Side Tennis Club of Forest Hills, New York—home of the U.S. Open—has ripped out most of its grass courts and replaced them with composition. This week, Forest Hills takes the next step in the commercialization of tennis: installing spotlights in the stadium so that the new mass audience can watch important matches in prime time.

Owen Sheriden, the club's 64-year-old groundskeeper, left the farms of Ireland in 1930 and began working on the grass courts of Forest Hills in 1932. He has not left Ireland behind in his speech, but next year he will leave Forest Hills. The age of grass courts will—just barely—survive his tenure.

I like to keep the grass as nice as I can. Three-eighths of an inch during the summer, a quarter-inch for the tournament. Most players like it hard and brown, like English or Australian grass. It's impossible to do that. You get it that hard, the roots die on you.

Grass was for the gentlemen's game, and that's gone. There was no money involved then, it was a sportsman's thing. Budge and those people, they loved the game. If their opponent got a bad call, why, they'd drop the next point to him. Now it's good luck, Johnny. I can remember when we used to put raw oatmeal in the water coolers. We thought it kept players from getting stomach cramps. You let it go a couple days, you started growing oats.

That game was choked with tradition. Now they've taken it away and they're running wild. You're a little controlled by TV. They tell you how many minutes you've got between sets to work on a court. That wasn't so bad with grass, but these new courts need to be watered. They'll have to give me some commercial time or the players will be in a little dust bowl. Eventually they'll cover this up and take the game indoors; there's too much money involved to fool around with the chance of rain.

The Beatles played in the stadium once. Beautiful sound: The grass really helps the acoustics. But all the girls were mad for Ringo and threw jelly beans at him. This was three days before the Open. We couldn't roll the beans out. Couldn't sweep them up. My men and I worked on our hands and knees and filled 40 boxes full of jelly beans.

Then there was the oil. When I started here, there were farms next door. The air was sweet. Now we've got these big apartment houses burning number 6 oil. One time they forced it through the system and the next morning there was an oil slick on the grass. You can do a lot of things with oil but you can't play tennis on it.

At home I have probably the worst lawn on the block. My wife wants to know why we can't have grass like at the club. Well, it's too much work. Now, when people say they want a maintenance-free court, I tell them to put in concrete and paint it green.

Still, I'll miss grass for the beauty and luck of it.

Sheridan:
"I tell them, 'Put in concrete.' "

"Tennis is simply show biz"

It took Rod Laver nine years in professional tennis to earn a million dollars; in 1974 Jimmy Connors earned $285,490 on the courts and will, this year, easily clear a million. This is not simply because he is a frighteningly brilliant player. He also has Bill Riordan managing his career.

Riordan, a 55-year-old promoter, is the newest phenomenon in tennis: the businessman who is as well known as his clients. For this, Riordan has become—next to Connors—the most hated man in the game. This does not disturb Riordan at all. He has Jimmy Connors. And Ilie ("Nasty") Nastase. And Vitas Gerulaitis, a New York kid he's grooming to be the Joe Namath of tennis. As long as he doesn't start believing his own material, Riordan believes he can beat the tennis establishment 9 out of 10.

My background is in promotion and advertising. My theory is that each individual is different. You start with his personality and then decide how to package the product. I've never solicited any player. They all come to me. Including Connors.

I plotted the course for Jimmy four years ago. His phone was ringing 50 times a day. He said, "Bill, I don't know what to do." I flew to Miami. We talked until 4:00 in the morning in his suite at the Jockey Club. I said, "I don't know a damn thing about teaching world championship tennis but I know a lot about merchandising. I believe that you'll be the best player in the world within three years. And two, I believe that with your personality the only route to take from a financial standpoint is one of independence. You hit the tennis balls. I'll take care of the other."

If it hadn't been for Jimmy, Jack Kramer and Donald Dell would have monopolized world tennis. Everything else they tried to get, they accomplished. And here was an 18-year-old kid who stood up to this plot and said, "Boys, I'm not playing." He's taken the pressure and the hate campaigns. And in the past year, he's changed the face of tennis. It will never be the same again. Connors may end up being the great player of all time. So Ashe beat him once. The sharks are enjoying their feast but they'll throw up and then we'll start again.

Riordan: "They all come to me."

What Connors did is give the game to the masses. Now 50 million people watch a tennis match out of Vegas. People who didn't know how to keep score were glued to their sets. Mrs. Ford was late for an appointment with the President because she couldn't tear herself away. So the people who are criticizing me have their heads in the sand to come out, as Jack Kramer has done, and say this is hurting the game.

It is now possible that a tennis player can make a million dollars from one match. I just signed a contract with CBS last week that could do it for Jimmy. Half a million guaranteed plus a percentage next Feb. 28 against an opponent to be decided.

I gotta give you my next challenge for Jimmy. Are you ready? I called Connors last night and said, "Jimmy, I've got it. We'll challenge Foolish Pleasure to a match race. Dennis Ralston can train him, Arthur Ashe will ride him and you'll race him. And I think I could sell it to CBS for a million dollars."

This isn't someone playing a gentleman's game or working at sports or milking a craze. This is a life commitment for Rosewall, a leap of faith, and here at camp he is among like-minded folks: the devotees, the followers of the New Tennis Religion. Here his old matches are discussed like skirmishes in a religious crusade, here his autographs are preserved with reverence. Campers speak of his home in Arizona—the one built on the side of Camelback Mountain with a tennis court on the roof—as though it were a shrine; when they take their next vacations, which they invariably plan to spend at the Gardiner Clinic just below that house, they hope Rosewall will be in residence so they can commemorate their visit with their Nikkormats.

Rosewall's presence has electrified the camp; the hidden meaning of camp routines is revealed and no one is finally too dense to understand this. Now the campers are acolytes in white, and the pros, who are required to wear their hair short and their socks devoid of garish color bands, are the master's disciples. Now the doubles tournament is more than a sop to the competitive spirit; these matches are the campers' gifts to the guru, proof that their sexual sublimation was worth it.

"My husband can bask in my victories. It won't threaten him because he invested in me and winning is his return"

And the $5 million that Americans will spend at some 250 tennis camps this summer? That money is not only a reflection of the game's drawing power as a growth industry for the 1970s; it is homage to the new, if temporary, religion of tennis. And like many another church, the real target of the high priests is the next generation—in the words of the John Gardiner brochure, "once a child learns tennis, it is a gift that cannot be taken away."

So deep runs their appreciation of that gift that the last session of tennis clinic is a day of mourning for the campers. They have answered the call, have taken their sick backhands to the clinic for a miracle cure, and now they are being expelled from the inner circle with only the passwords of the faith—the secrets of volleys and overhands—for their solace. The masterminds who designed this course cushion the despair; the campers are served the sacrament of champagne, are given the imprimatur of real diplomas. But their week of grace is over: no more the early bedtimes of childhood, farewell their discourses on tennis dogma. And worst of all: Banished from the mountain, these converts to the mighty tennis cult must return to the real world, where praying time on composition courts is going for an ungodly $20 an hour. ●

Movies

Smaller than life

By Frank Rich

Back in the hot and heavy 1960s, that wonderful time when there was so much to hate that you could go crazy just trying to keep track of it all, hip American movies could always be identified by the utter contempt they showered upon warmongering Middle America. Pictures like *Five Easy Pieces, Easy Rider, Joe* and their less successful imitators tended to regard the allegedly simple folk of the vast continental heartland as dumb goons—as materialistic, violent, slaphappy Mongoloids who had nothing better to do than go bowling, shop in supermarkets and pick on hippies. Movies that propagated that point of view always seemed to me to be more a part of that era's problem than the solution: To the extent that those films were taken seriously, they fostered polarization, and while polarization has its virtues, a civil war based on pop prejudices rather than political realities is a sorry thing. God knows the '70s aren't much, but, in movies at least, a leavening process has taken hold. The most socially aware films of this decade refuse to divide the nation into good guys and bad guys, into Middle Americans and sophisticates, into kids and pigs. In movies as diverse as Martin Scorsese's *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore,* Paul Mazursky's *Harry and Tonto,* John Cassavetes' *A Woman Under the Influence,* Milos Forman's *Taking Off,* Ivan Passer's *Law and Disorder* and Robert Altman's *Nashville,* ordinary people have as many edges and ambiguities as ordinary people in the proverbial real world do: A hard hat or hick accent is not necessarily an emblem of idiocy or fascism, literacy and good threads no longer denote certain wisdom. Now more than ever, good filmmakers don't pretend to have any more of a corner on the truth than anyone else does.

This essential change in American films is dramatic indeed—so much so that when an occasional film turns up that still reflects the hip, holier-than-thou Hollywood attitudinizing of the '60s, it seems as dated as one of Frank Capra's populist Depression comedies. The most grievous case in point this year, perhaps, is Peter Davis' *Hearts and Minds,* an earnest but botched attempt to ferret out the meaning of this country's Vietnam adventure. By lacing his documentary with periodic forays into the football stadiums and patriotic celebrations of non-urban America, Davis ended up displaying as much condescension toward the U.S. citizenry as Bundy and MacNamara did; *Hearts and Minds'* tone betrayed an identification with that privileged class—the best and the brightest—that created the war and then lied to the supposedly childish American people about it. Michael Ritchie's new film, **Smile**, is about a far less consequential slice of Americana than *Hearts and Minds*—it's a comic look at a beauty pageant in northern California—but it's a part of the same sensibility Davis conveyed, which in turn was not that far removed from the Dennis Hopper mindset that produced *Easy Rider.* Like *Hearts and Minds, Smile* is on the right side: It's against idle patriotism, commercialism and Babbittry in all its guises. But it puts across its case by presenting us with characters who are unfailingly crass, provincial and small-minded—as if the roots of our national malaise were the result of some mind-deadening virus that afflicts everyone who doesn't live in our major metropolitan areas or best college communities.

Young American Miss contestants in Ritchie's *Smile*: expendable exposé.

Smile is fitfully quite funny, but it leaves a bad taste in your mouth—a taste which turns the fun into something more like rot. You laugh at the film's people rather than with them; to have a good time you must feel superior (as Ritchie apparently does) to everyone on screen. It's a perfect movie for those who still enjoy laughing at physically ugly people. Because the film is about a beauty pageant, *Smile*'s principal players are, by and large, nice to look at, but Ritchie overcomes that hitch by seeing to it that the environment surrounding the cast is quintessentially tacky. The film is set in the small community of Santa Rosa, where the California finals of the fictional "Young American Miss" contest are staged in the local Veterans Memorial Auditorium, and the director would have you believe that every home in the area is decorated in advanced Holiday Inn kitsch. Bedroom walls are covered in garish wallpaper, living rooms are loaded down with porcelain dogs and mechanical singing birds, refrigerators are packed to the gills with TV dinners. The people who inhabit these dwellings are, of course, as incapable of sincerity, intelligence and even basic common sense as Barbie dolls. They're rubes and dolts, devoid of dignity and grace, and they're apparently intended to pass for a realistic cross-section of America's middle-middle class.

The action of the film takes place over roughly a week, during which the 30-odd California finalists

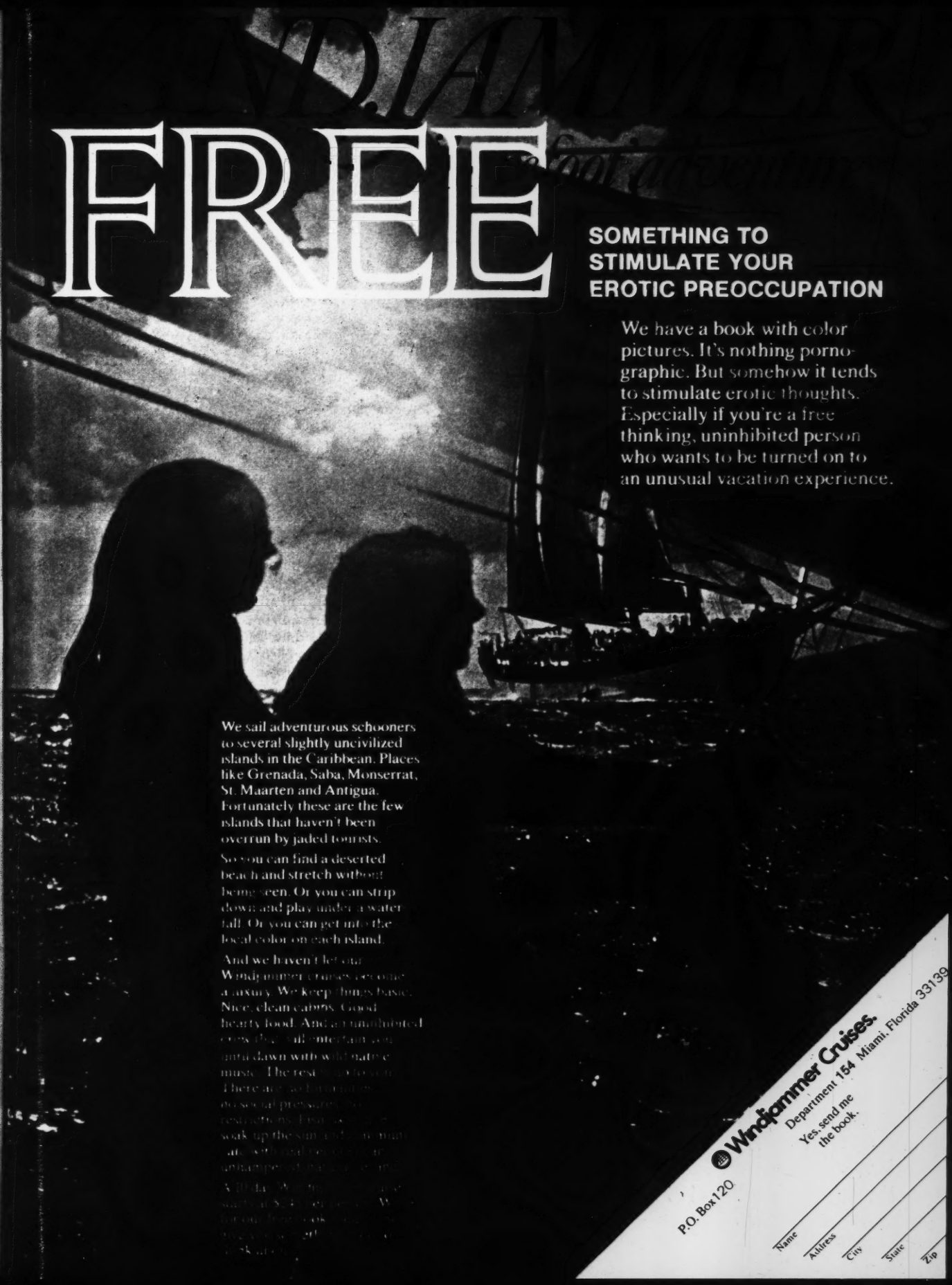
converge on Santa Rosa to undergo the preliminary competitions and rehearse the big Saturday night show at which the winner will be crowned. Ritchie and his screenwriter, Jerry Belson, attack the pageant on two fronts: They show us the girls as they preen and backbite, and they show us the adults as they organize the pageant with an incredibly misplaced seriousness of purpose. The girls do pretty much what you expect them to—they show us and their local benefactors a fair amount of not unthrilling post-pubescent flesh (this film exploits their bodies as much as the pageant itself does), they learn the ropes of all-American cutthroat competition and they endlessly rehearse their acts for the "talent" competition. Those acts provide many, if not most, of the film's laughs, and they include bad singing, bad baton twirling, bad impressions and bad novelty turns (one contestant does a routine on how to pack a suitcase, another plays piano and exhibits her paintings at the same time). As the would-be Young American Misses get closer and closer to D Day, running gags about their ineptitude as entertainers proliferate until we get to the climactic big event itself—a mind-boggling spectacle of theatrical mediocrity which is actually somewhat superior to the real-life Miss America Pageant.

Bruce Dern: the Redford hero as buffoon.

The Santa Rosans who run this extravaganza are the town's most illustrious do-gooders, and the filmmakers have stacked the deck against them in almost every conceivable way. Pageant "mother hen" and chief chaperone Brenda DiCarlo (Barbara Feldon) is always admonishing her charges to "keep smiling"—but is herself a frigid housewife who would rather destroy her marriage than abandon her Young American Miss duties. Chief pageant judge "Big Bob" Freelander (Bruce Dern) runs through the movie repeating cliches like "No rest for the weary," calls his wife "Mom," and dreams out loud of romantic weekends at Disneyland. The president (Geoffrey Lewis) of the pageant's sponsors, the Jaycees, is a humorless cheapskate and his counterpart at the Bears (Paul Benedict, a terrific character actor not seen at best advantage here) is a lecherous mortician. When these types aren't fussing over the pageant, they're usually to be found in grotesque fast-food joints or at such local functions as the Jaycees' "Exhausted Rooster Ceremony" (in which members who turn 35 don KKK sheets, kiss "a dead chicken's ass" and unleash their inevitable repressed homosexual tendencies). Ritchie may feel that he's giving us a realistic portrait of Santa Rosa (the film was shot entirely on location there), but are we really to believe that there's not a person in town with a satisfactory sex life, a curious mind or an antisocial thought? The one non-mainstream character the filmmakers have cooked up—Andy DiCarlo (Nicholas Pryor), a drunk and bitter trophy manufacturer married to the go-getting Brenda—is just as broadly drawn as his silly neighbors. Andy is intended as a sympathetic martyr to the mindlessness around him, but it's impossible to believe that he ever would have bought the Santa Rosa-Jaycees lifestyle in the first place. He's just an obligatory gesture to pathos—an ersatz Sherwood Anderson character plunked down in the middle of a bloated TV sitcom.

Andy DiCarlo is not, unfortunately, the only incongruity in *Smile*. Even if you can accept this film on its own terms, there are periodic shifts in tone and comic thrust that muddy the picture. (There's even a scene involving an attempted murder, and it sours the whole last third of the film.) Screenwriter Belson's background is in television—he was among the best regular contributors to the old, original *Dick Van Dyke Show*—and he has thrown some tired showbiz material into this project, which is supposed to be a put-down of drecky American showbiz. A good 15 minutes of the film are devoted to the shenanigans of "Little Bob," the son of "Big Bob," who, with some chums, attempts to take Peeping Tom photos of the girls; there's also a dumb gag about sanitary napkins (making this film, along with *The Fortune*, the second this summer to venture into this territory) and some bad vintage burlesque involving a drunk janitor at the auditorium. The screenwriter has even managed to work in some jokes about shrinks—at least one of which can also be heard on the first Mel Brooks-Carl Reiner *2000 Year Old Man* album. It's hard not to feel that but for the grace of God, Belson himself could have ended up a beauty pageant schlockmeister. The most credible character in *Smile*—the only credible one—is Tommy French, the "big-time" director-choreographer whom the Santa Rosans hire at great expense to stage their show. French, who also stages the yearly national Young American Miss Pageant at Baton Rouge, is a sour-spirited, cynical hack, and, as splendidly played by director-choreographer Michael Kidd, he's almost endearingly nasty. "I took a bunch of nice high school kids," he says during one rehearsal break, "and turned them into Vegas show girls." No wonder Freneh is the only character the filmmakers understand—they're misusing these kids the same way that he is.

Ritchie may believe that *Smile* is serving some investigative function—that by showing us the ins and outs of this fictional beauty pageant he's giving us the real lowdown on a crummy national institution—but, if so, *Smile* seems a rather expendable exposé in this heyday of investigative journalism. Besides, of the four films Ritchie has made to date, this is his third to deal with a native form of crass competition; he's so busy grinding this axe that it's impossible to tell how talented he is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converge on Santa Rosa to undergo the preliminary competitions and rehearse the big Saturday night show at which the winner will be crowned. Ritchie and his screenwriter, Jerry Belson, attack the pageant on two fronts: They show us the girls as they preen and backbite, and they show us the adults as they organize the pageant with an incredibly misplaced seriousness of purpose. The girls do pretty much what you expect them to—they show us and their local benefactors a fair amount of not unthrilling post-pubescent flesh (this film exploits their bodies as much as the pageant itself does), they learn the ropes of all-American cutthroat competition and they endlessly rehearse their acts for the "talent" competition. Those acts provide many, if not most, of the film's laughs, and they include bad singing, bad baton twirling, bad impressions and bad novelty turns (one contestant does a routine on how to pack a suitcase, another plays piano and exhibits her paintings at the same time). As the would-be Young American Misses get closer and closer to D Day, running gags about their ineptitude as entertainers proliferate until we get to the climactic big event itself—a mind-boggling spectacle of theatrical mediocrity which is actually somewhat superior to the real-life Miss America Pageant.

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anymore. From *Downhill Racer* (which was about Olympic skiers) to *The Candidate* (about moneyed political campaigns) to this film, the path of this director's career has been decidedly downhill. The freshness of observation that marked *Racer* has hardened into a hard-hearted reflexiveness, and the style of his work now reflects this intellectual stagnation. Where the earlier films dramatized the corrupting corporate and media influences on good clean sport through quiet, offhand anecdotes, *Smile* is all slambang effects—from the overly ironic use of Nat King Cole's rendition of the title song to the final shots of the quiz show-like booty that goes to the pageant's winners. *Downhill Racer* had the mellow, vernacular quality of a Ring Lardner story; *Smile* reminds one of those old Doris Day-Rock Hudson comedies about Mad Ave. The progress of this movie's hero toward disillusionment with his lifelong values is essentially akin to that of the heroes played by Robert Redford in the other two Ritchie films, but Dern, decent actor that he is, can't make the transformation real. After we've seen "Big Bob," in an early scene, go positively ga-ga over the fact that his post of chief pageant judge entitles him to a gold badge, how can we believe the latent self-doubt that creeps over him at the final fade-out? In a forced, sudden blast of emotion near the end of the movie, "Big Bob" tells Andy, "I learned a long time ago to expect a little less from life." The line is totally out of character with everything else we know about "Big Bob," but, unwittingly perhaps, it seems a perfect expression of the filmmaker himself. Michael Ritchie expects so little from life and the people who live it that he has lost touch with the society he's making movies about. This country is still a mess, but only someone who's been in suspended animation for five years would believe that the perpetrators of American evil can be identified by their jingoistic platitudes and their plastic smiles.

Claude Chabrol's **Just Before Nightfall** *(Juste Avant La Nuit)* takes place in exactly the territory its title describes—in a misty twilight world where images blur around the edges, spatial relationships become indistinct and five o'clock shadows suggest the outlines of nightmares yet to come. While this film is of a piece with this director's other work—it's about the ability and inability of murder to disrupt the ghastly calm of a set of bourgeois relationships—it's also an unusual and often stunning study in disorientation. The classy Parisian suburb where most of the action unfolds is a true blank space, visually and morally; as the filmmaker tells his tale of murder and triangular love, he turns the void into a peculiar universe of his own making—one where pleasure can become pain, defeat can become victory, and right can become wrong . . . at least until everything turns inside out again. Like the Hitchcock films that this and other Chabrol films sporadically emulate, *Just Before Nightfall* is a lapsed Catholic's revenge on the social and ethical logic of the West—it's mean and funny as hell.

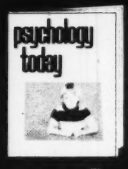
The picture opens with a scene that is dirty even by the standards of the Chabrol canon. Middle-aged advertising man Charles (Michel Bouquet) is having

Audran and Bouquet in Chabrol's *Just Before Nightfall*: mean and funny as hell.

some afternoon sex with Laura (Anna Douking), who happens to be the wife of Francois (Francois Perier), Charles' best friend for the past 25 years. Although the room where the couple illicitly meet is decoratively fit enough to appear in a slick home furnishings magazine, the lovers' particular connubial games are somewhat less polite. "Kill me!" yells out Laura—a command she then follows with a request that her partner take off the communion medallion that dangles from his neck. He obliges her on both counts: He removes the medallion, then strangles Laura to death. After which Charles gets dressed and returns home—hitching a ride with Francois, who is not only his best friend but is also his neighbor and the architect who designed his house.

The rest of *Just Before Nightfall* has to do with Charles' attempts to "do what is right" in penance for his crime. But who is to say what is right? In order to find out, Charles confesses his crime—first to his own wife, Hélène (Stephane Audran), and later to Francois. They both agree, much to Charles' disappointment, that he should do nothing. Francois is sorry his wife is dead, but he has no desire for revenge. "No one is guilty of what happens in a nightmare," he tells his old pal; by turning himself into the police, Charles would accomplish nothing except the infliction of hardship on his family. Hélène goes so far as to call her husband a coward and a pervert for entertaining the desire to be judged by higher authorities. "You're fundamentally innocent," she tells him. "It has nothing to do with right and wrong . . . .You take a morbid desire in torturing yourself, that's all." In other words, by surrendering to the police, Charles would be performing an act equivalent to his sexual rites with Laura—rites in which, as Charles puts it, Laura "took pleasure in seeing me suffer when she made me beat her." It's a tricky matter to resolve Charles' unnecessary pang of conscience—and resolve it in such a way that all the characters can preserve their love, their friendship and, of course, their respectability. But only when Chabrol finds a way to reestablish his protagonists' domestic equilibrium can night finally fall.

As is the case with most recent Chabrol films, *Just Before Nightfall* is at its best when it is most stylized. The director really goes to town with Hélène and Charles' home—an opulent ménage of glass and marble designed in a contemporary style by Francois so that his friends would never "feel bourgeois"; there the protagonists deal with matters of life and ghoulish death in the bedroom as casually as they dispose of their many meals in the low-slung dining area. Chabrol's cast has the repressed, tensile energy of steel wool, and is just about as warm. While Audran doesn't have the acting opportunities here that she usually has in her husband's films—this Hélène is no match for the character of the same name she plays in *La Rupture*—*Just Before Nightfall* is Bouquet's rightful claim to supremacy among Chabrol's leading men. Charles' desire for punishment reaches the fevered pitch of panic, especially in contrast to the cool souls around him, and yet he still has no self-awareness whatsoever. When a distinguished, grey-haired gentleman is caught embezzling at the office, Bouquet becomes a spectacle of incredulity—he can't believe that so out-



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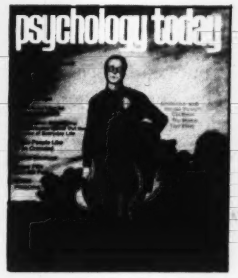

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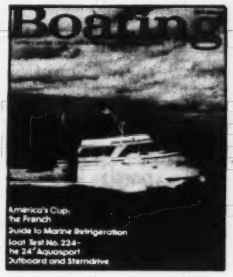

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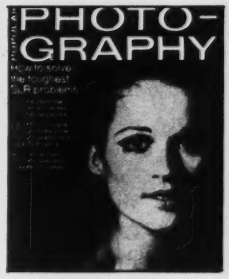

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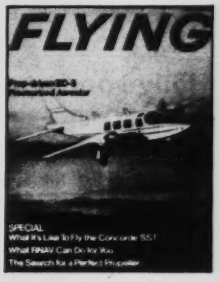

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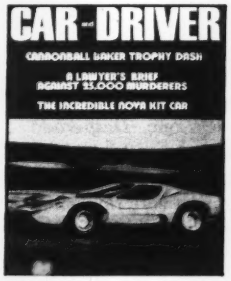

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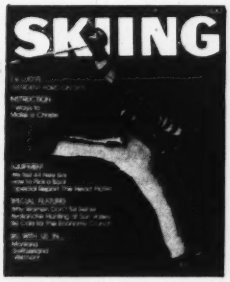

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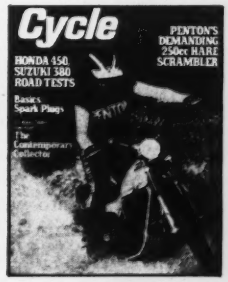

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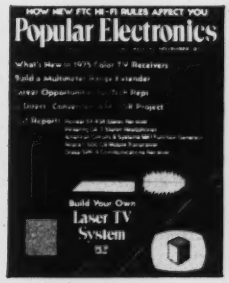

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wardly stable a citizen could be capable of crime. Bouquet is no Cary Grant, but he's the perfect pawn for this film that reproduces the directionless landscape of *North by Northwest* within the limited confines of an utterly empty French home.

Only a computer programmed with the Hollywood box-office wisdom of 1968 could possibly have dreamed up a movie like **Race with the Devil**—a project that attempts to wed an extended automobile chase adventure to some hocus-pocus right out of *Rosemary's Baby*. The marriage of these two tired genres was certainly not made in heaven, and, to accomplish it, screenwriters Wes Bishop and Lee Frost have had to concoct a plot in which some mobile-home vacationers (Peter Fonda, Warren Oates and giggly spouses), on their way to ski in Aspen, stumble upon a witches' coven smack dab in the middle of the Texas countryside. The coven is in the process of carrying out a human sacrifice, and since its members do not take kindly to the intrusions of potential witnesses, the tourists are chased down country roads for the remainder of the film. Unfortunately, for the movie to make sense you have to believe that everyone in a roughly 200-mile area of the golden Southwest is possessed by the devil; each hash-slinger, cop, telephone operator and librarian the heroes encounter is a malevolent son of a bitch—as director Jack Starrett's creepy camera angles always let us know at least ten minutes before the heroes themselves get the picture. You also have to come up with your own explanation as to why none of these villains kills his prey when given so many easy opportunities to do so—but why bother? These filmmakers were paid to think these things out and we shouldn't be compelled to do their work for them.

Music

Hollywood angst

By Janet Maslin

Go to an Eagles concert, and there are several peculiarities you'll notice right off. First of all, everyone dresses the same, the band included: plaid shirts (preferably flannel, even in summer), straight-legged jeans, a hunk of turquoise here and there and those prettily square-toed cowboy boots a *real* cowboy would probably never be caught dead in. Naturally, there are a few variations on this getup: A sizable faction of the sellout crowd wears Eagles T-shirts, the kind that are being hawked in the lobby, moving even more briskly than the orangeade. Finally, there is the stage decor. Dwarfed by a giant, mystical medicine-head icon that hangs behind them, the Eagles are probably the only group around who drape an Indian blanket over their piano, as though it were a horse.

Though much of the Eagles' current popularity obviously derives from their music, the whole way of life they have come to represent undoubtedly accounts for part of their appeal. The restlessness, the self-pity, the curiously romantic misogyny and the sudden but ineffectual spurts of energy (every Eagles album has its loudly inappropriate kick-ass or party-all-night number) all contribute to the portrait of Hollywood angst that the band has, over the course of its first three albums, conjured up. But what completes the picture is the especially poignant air of ennui, of confusion, of painful insight that occasionally emerges. "Beautiful faces, and loud empty places/Look at the way that we live/Wasting our time on cheap talk and wine/Left us so little to give. . . ," wrote Eagles Don Henley, Glenn Frey and their friend John David Souther in "The Best of My Love," their saddest song of loss.

When they began, the Eagles were just another L.A. band for whom, on the evidence of their debut album, single-making seemed to be enough. But there was a curious diversity to the hits that emerged from that early collection. "Take It Easy," the instant classic co-authored by Frey and another of the band's friends, Jackson Browne, was a catchy, upbeat burst of bravado, while "Peaceful Easy Feeling" was a quiet, sultry, even mildy philosophical song about the thrills and limitations of quick infatuation. "Witchy Woman," the album's other A.M. success, pioneered the hocus-pocus strain into which the band would later delve more deeply, incorporating a pounding rhythm and vehement arrangement into the tale of a cocaine queen whose main claim to fame was her "sleeping in the devil's bed." Jackson Browne's "Nightingale," a striking cut that never received much airplay, prefigured the group's preoccupation with "hangin' onto my peace of mind" in the face of desolation and doom.

These disparate strains all converged in *Desperado*, the group's second and most important effort, the one that forged the persona they still maintain. Though its songs followed a loosely sequential pattern, this was less a rock opera than a rock movie, a drama of defeat narrated by a sympathetic, cautionary but carefully detached observer. The central figures were the Doolin-Dalton gang, a troupe of outlaws and born losers who existed partly in western folklore (the whole thing had been based upon a real story) and partly in the most morally barren outposts of modern-day California. So the more contemporary references—to faithless or faceless women, to drugs ("Oh, peyote!") and to liquor (the song "Tequila Sunrise" was released as the drink hit its maximum popularity in hip L.A. circles)—were part of the same aimless desperation out of which the real Doolin-Dalton gang had gotten themselves sandbagged: The itch for any action, any sensation, any contact was finally reduced to the itch for a fight, even a hopeless one. *Desperado* was one long search for release in a world of listless, pleasureless hedonism, and as such it touched a very raw nerve in the band's rapidly expanding constituency.

Maybe there was nowhere to go beyond *Desperado;* maybe the group saw this as the most accurate possible vision of their world, or at least the most scathing one they could abide. In any case, the next album, *On The Border*, reverted back to the formula of the first one, with every cut a potential hit and no overriding vision or structure. *On The Border* contains some of the Eagles best songs, songs that do follow through on *Desperado*'s themes even as they separate out and sometimes almost caricature them. There is the same romantic confusion ("Already Gone" is a flip, abrupt kiss-off, "You Never Cry Like a Lover" a gentle plea that someone "try a

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The Eagles: over the hill?

little harder") and the same fatalism ("My Man," an ode to the late Gram Parsons, describes his demise as having been both premature and inevitable), plus the hints of self-awareness that elevate their plaints beyond the level of mere whining. At least with that album, the band still retained its special ability to both sincerely revel in and carefully exploit the self-pity and pessimism in which their allure had its foundations.

So the strangest thing about their weakest and most recent effort, *One Of These Nights*, is their suddenly losing sight of what has made them attractive. Sure, the title cut is a superb single, sharing with the song "On The Border" an almost R & B sinuousness that one wishes they'd explore further. And sure, this album will be a commercial success. But the Eagles are hardly the first rock act to have hit their commercial stride just as they apparently lost their touch. *One Of These Nights* makes the band's brilliant posturing take a back seat to its competent but hardly breathtaking musicianship, and that really doesn't qualify as a step in the right direction. They've added an extra guitarist now—that makes *four* during the encore for their live show, when drummer-singer Don Henley (he's the raspy one) steps forward to strum "The Best of My Love"—and the album shows a corresponding emphasis on feats of string artistry. "Journey of the Sorcerer," Bernie Leadon's long, repetitive banjo instrumental, is mildly interesting but bears no relation to the rest of the group's material, let alone its collective identity. "Too Many Hands" and "Visions" are equally inexpressive, while "Hollywood Waltz" hovers somewhere between the equally execrable extremes of camp and corn.

"After the Thrill Is Gone" is both an Eagles song and an Eagles idea, juxtaposing fast living and disillusionment, listlessness and lust. But "Lyin' Eyes," which sounds very much like this band's previous work ("Peaceful Easy Feeling," to be precise), is just nonsense: During the course of six long minutes, a girl finds a "rich old man" but cheats on him, only to discover that she still values the simpler things in life and that it was hardly her fault anyway, since girls are just faithless and irresponsible by nature. The singer (Frey, in this case) has none of the redeeming self-mockery that might lend this tale the complexity of the group's more ambitious work.

The Eagles are over the hill now, in more ways than one. Their current efforts are no qualitative match for those of their prime—and yet, having spent several years scraping their way up, they are paradoxically more popular than ever. They can enjoy a sort of grace period, safe in the knowledge that an Eagles album is as marketable as an Eagles T-shirt and that both are probably purchased with equal amounts of customer discrimination. But this sort of thing can't go on indefinitely. Eventually, the band will have to start remembering what brought them their success in the first place and go back to mining that painfully authentic mother lode of discontent.

** **Horizon,** *The Carpenters* (A & M). If you can't stand them, you're not alone. But this is an inordinately pretty album, even if it does begin and end with pretentious little squibs entitled "Aurora" and "Eventide," respectively. And their stirring "Solitaire" more than makes up for the damage they've done to either "Desperado" or "Please Mr. Postman."

** **Jessie's Jig & Other Favorites,** *Steve Goodman* (Asylum). Previously perky singer-songwriter, author of "The City of New Orleans," calms down enough to produce some soft, lovely blues numbers, along with more predictable tunes about hotel-room gadgetry and *Let's Make A Deal.* Goodman is the first lyricist to have used "Call me Ishmael" as the opening line of a song.

Books

A cage in search of a bird

By Geoffrey Wolff

Slammer *by Ben Greer.* Atheneum (268 pp., $8.95).

Here is a first novel by a man 25 years old, and it has caused, before publication, a mighty fuss. James Dickey finds it "diamond-hard" and "breathtaking." George Garrett calls Ben Greer a "real writer." As opposed to what? Well, we know what he means. The poet William Jay Smith invokes Jean Genet, Poe and Melville to characterize the novelist's preoccupations, as well as his reach, and William Price Fox describes the novel as "rich, unique and moving." Not to mention "brilliant." "Fierce and original work of art," according to James Whitehead. "Remarkable": Jesse Hill Ford. And still the adjectives come: R.H.W. Dillard admires Greer's "amazingly complex, wise and moving" novel, likens its author to Graham Greene and suggests that someone in Hollywood commission Orson Welles to translate *Slammer* into a movie.

Well now, what have we got here? A prison novel with a conventional prison-novel plot and stock

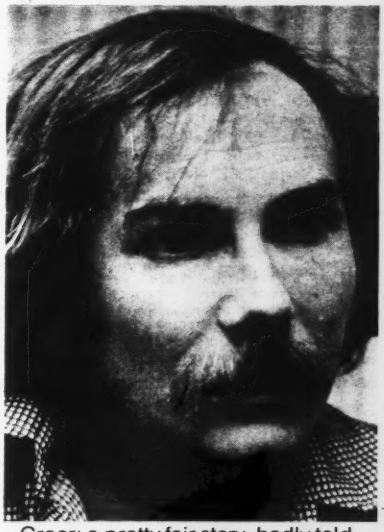
prison characters. A persuasive demonstration of the brutality of prison life. A knowing, inside job: Greer took work as a prison guard to pin his details. A hard-ridden narrative, with consequences as well as atmospherics, a yarn. Most of the pre-publication praise for *Slammer* has come from people who either have lived or have taught in Ben Greer's territory, South Carolina or Virginia, but just because regional and academic affiliations are honored there is no compulsion for them to be insincerely honored. Perhaps the novel is all that these worthies testify it is. Let's see.

Broad River Prison is in the Carolinas, near a railroad track. It is 70 percent occupied by blacks, and the warden is neither unusually venal nor uncommonly just. Armed robbers are of the highest social order, and child molesters—frequently murdered by inmates—are at the bottom of the well. Homosexuality has been institutionalized and is practiced by guards as well as prisoners. Drink, drugs and knives are available, but guns are by custom outlawed, the prisoners policing this single embargo against themselves. Whites are honkies, and blacks are niggers. The food is miserable, time passes slowly and unprofitably, living conditions are unspeakable. In short, we are in a prison, and not the first prison we have been brought to: However accurate, the news here is not new.

Into this familiar setting are placed four central characters around whom the narrative is deployed. Breen is a tough priest, an ex-pug with the evident sensibility of a cop, a man who was obliged to beat back his fondness for whiskey, a man—are you ready?—with a heart as big as all outdoors. Have we ever seen such a one before? Have we not? Spencer Tracy? Then we have Walsh, a man too sensitive by half to serve as a guard, a man who dreams often of a previous life by the seashore in Maine, with Patricia, "but both of them still had things to get straight in their heads. So he was here now." A slummer in the slammer. And Childs, too aptly named, a slow-witted innocent, Billy Budd himself, handsome, flawed and fated. As near as dammit to having been gang-raped, he is rescued by a guard to whom he complains that the men were teasing him, giving him the "red-butt," as he believes. He is victimized, rolled over by the system and becomes a whore. And there is Moultrie, a fire-breathing black racist, the Man on the Soapbox, whose arrival and confrontation with The Muslim provoke a riot.

This is promised by the beating of jungle drums: "There *is* something in the air. Something brooding. I can feel it." And if that doesn't warn you, how about this: "But there's a feeling I got now, like when this place blew before. Like I'm about to choke or something. Like everybody's about to choke." And the rain falls, and wind whistles through the prison yard, and the trains bump and couple, and "outside, in the killing zone, a dog howled." Portentous.

The dust jacket describes Greer's talent as "raw," but there's evidence aplenty that he'd rather be precious. What adjectives! What adverbs! What a lunge for conceits! When Moultrie's riot fails, he sulks in his cell, mortified, refusing to eat: "As if some part of himself, promised, had failed, had become diseased and needed to be cut out and burned to pure ashes. And this misery shoaled through his bones and dreams, through the bitter silences of the night and mean rustlings of the day until he knew that to survive he must fight against it . . . . Perhaps all of this had taken place to rid him of his fear, to break free the cerements of the slack-jawed dead within him. To end the dreadful struggle with chaos. Perhaps this was victory and not defeat."



Greer: a pretty fair story, badly told.

I haven't experienced such fancy nonsense since Faulkner parodied himself or Eric Sevareid spoke of The Meaning of the War. Sometimes Greer reaches so far for a pretty effect that he loses his grip on simple meaning, as when Walsh "stumbled out the door into the dazed afternoon light." And at other times he is too busy being a "real writer" to give a damn what is "real": During the riot several prisoners are discovered "stoking the flames with sheets, paper, specimens of blood and urine," while another prisoner is busy "filling the Yard with a gurgling laugh and the cracking catheter."

So, were Greer's admirers snookered, or bewitched, or excessively loyal to a hometown boy and friend? Or are there virtues here so extraordinary that they cancel *Slammer*'s posturing excesses? There are virtues, to be sure. If the leading actors are stereotypes, the bit players are not. There is Matthew Korb, "the nigger who weighed four hundred pounds, his big sides lapping at the walls. Everything covered and stained by semen, all he ever did. The whole tier smelling dully of it." That's all Greer gives of Forb, all he needs to give.

And the gore is inspired, really quite inventive. More vomit than we might wish, but some special effects that Hollywood (if not the great Orson himself) might put to good use: a guard boiled in a vat of tomato sauce, a dentist tortured with his drill, a bee-keeper murdered by his pets, a puppy, a male whore named Kate and The Muslim stabbed in the ear with an ice pick by "the angel of death," a chap named Darcy, who has cancer and is sensed by the "dreadful" or "strange" smell that he carries with him. Some throats are slit, skulls bashed and organs offended against. And in one skillfully managed scene the prisoners, in their frustration, try to tear down the blank walls of the prison with spoons. A nice representation of futility. The trouble is, they succeed, creating a nice representation of comedy.

I don't know what the many sandwich-men for this novel were thinking about. Greer hates prisons, placing him on the side of the angels. He worked as a prison guard, so he has guts. He tries hard and tells a pretty fair story. But, Jesus, he tells it badly! After Childs becomes a whore, he visits, in his confusion, a prisoner named Rose, 35 years ago the prison's leading homosexual, now wearing long white braids. Like the guru in the television comedy *Kung Fu*, the old hooker offers wisdom to the young apprentice: "Rose pointed at her heart. 'Here lies the deepest thicket, and you must come to know it. Where to walk and where not to walk. Where to cut down and where to leave stand. Love your own goodness and be careful of what bad there is in you. Evil feeds upon goodness, but so does goodness temper itself with evil.' "

Can't you hear Orson?

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A brief vacation

Final Tribute

By Carl Hiaasen

Back in the days of Annette Funicello and transistor radios, going to the beach was a blast. It promised sunshine, lazy breezes and cocoa-buttered oblivion. The number one menace was sand in your swimsuit.

Not any more. Going to the beach has suddenly become an adventure, and a once-leisurely backstroke in waist-deep water is cause for awarding the Purple Heart. Where once there was carefree splashing, there is now a tide of caution and more than a ripple of fear. Blame it on the terrifying new movie and its terrifying 25-foot star. The transformation was immediate. Just after *Jaws* premiered in south Florida, a baby whale swam aground at Miami Beach. The normally placid summer vacationers panicked, mistaking the harmless 10-foot mammal for a shark. A mob of bathers swiftly attacked, bludgeoning the whale with driftwood clubs and the business ends of beach umbrellas. By the time the lifeguards stepped in, the whale was dead.

If that was the reaction to a docile and endangered species, then it comes as no surprise that honest-to-goodness shark attacks have sent many bathers—at least in Florida—back to their Budweisers and beach towels. Last month, a swimmer was attacked in Daytona Beach. Three weeks ago, a surfer was chomped off Indialantic, south of Cape Canaveral. And most recently, a shark was seen cruising in shallow water at New Smyrna Beach. Hundreds of bathers were ordered out of the water, the police were called in and drove the animal off with rifle fire. The following day, there were those who were so brave—or so oblivious—they went in swimming anyway. One such swimmer, Beverly White, 14, dove through a wave and came up against something which promptly latched onto her arm. She managed to pull free and friends dragged her to shore, but the wound required 27 stitches to close.

It was a case of life imitating art, right down to the reaction of the town fathers, most of whom apparently were unable to draw any lessons from their fictional counterparts in the Long Island resort town of Amity. Even now, the only warning on the beach at New Smyrna cautions bathers, "Do not pick up sea oats." It says nothing about sharks. Indeed, the authorities insisted that White's 27-stitch gash might have come from something else. Like what? Well, Police Chief Wallace Ferreira suggested, "It could have been a bluefish." When it was pointed out that several eyewitnesses identified the fish as either a six-foot lemon or sand shark, he continued to demur. A few days later, Lt. Howard Snell echoed his chief. "These things happen now and then. I don't even know it was actually a shark. We have a lot of bluefish out here." Even the chamber of commerce chairman, Bill Raines, put on a brave front. "I am a firm believer that it will not curtail the swimming in the Atlantic Ocean," he said. "There's been shark attacks in the Atlantic since the inception of time and they'll still be there after we're gone. It's not a problem. They never have been and they aren't now."

Tourists were hardly reassured, however, and in the days following the attack, the beach crowd thinned out considerably. "Something's happened," grumbled one 20-year veteran of beachside commerce. "There's sure nobody here. The crowd is one quarter what it should be." Merchants are disgusted. "The newspapers killed us," said one.

The prevailing sentiment is that the bark of shark publicity is worse than the actual bite, so the only thing more feared than sharks is a news reporter who writes about sharks. Even the lifeguards have been ordered not to speak to the press. "Sure business is down," remarked a toll booth attendant at an oceanside parking ramp. "All this publicity, hell, you guys are scaring people away. We've had only three people bitten in three years I've been here, out of how many hundred thousand in the water?"

In Florida, at least, shark sightings and reported attacks have increased, as if the slow-witted leviathans are trying to live up to all this *Jaws* publicity. One possibility, raised in the novel, is that shark attacks aren't as rare as we'd like to think, only played down in years past because of the menacing publicity. But even those who weren't going in the water agreed: The whole thing was being blown out of proportion. "It doesn't bother me," said an Ohio mother, watching her 4-year-old play in the surf. "We don't go out that far anyway." A native Floridian, Theodore Malewski, smiled skeptically when asked about shark danger. "It doesn't take much to scare people," he remarked from a lounge chair.

The hope is that with the passing of *Jaws* into the realm of a sea classic, sharkophobia will subside, the publicity will die down and the sharks will take it easy on the surface. But it's a forlorn hope for the townsfolk of New Smyrna. The fact that six- and seven-foot sharks have refused to keep a low profile in this shark-charged season has all but landlocked the Florida coastal resort. In terms of carefree swimming, summer—at least for New Smyrna—ended almost as soon as it had begun. ●

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